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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume LXVI }

No. 2345.—June 8, 1889.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CLXXXI.

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## DEAD LEAVES IN SPRINGTIME.

WORN watchers by the grave of Summer dead,  
Soul-stricken at the rapturous birth of  
Spring,

That woefully your shattered mantles fling  
Before him, for his fragrant feet to tread,  
And all your faded golden tresses shed  
Forlornly, while the echoing woodlands ring,  
And, flashing emerald splendors, the new  
king  
Leaps forth, with lily-and-violet-crowned  
head—

Wherefore, dead shadows, are ye loth to die?  
Know that to live is not to see the sun,  
Nor do they best Death's garnering sickle  
shun

Who clasp the phantom of their life gone by,  
But they who, dying when their day is done,  
Soar star-like up the heaven of memory.  
Academy. C. H. HERFORD.

## ENGLAND, 1889.

'MID battle thunder grew of yore  
Our England's might and fame;  
And still burns high on sea and shore  
Her valor's olden flame;  
For listless never may the hand  
Be found, that will so wide command.

Yet if thou wouldst of earth descry  
The true and very lord,  
Look not to warrior's eagle eye,  
Or hand that grasps the sword;  
For these obey a mightier power,  
That gathers with the brightening hour.

'Tis the wise word, by kindling thought  
Born in the living soul;  
Stern, but with generous passion fraught;  
This rules the wondrous whole:  
That so life's scattered rays may be  
One light on time's eternal sea.

Once in God's breast high counsel lay,  
From mortal scenes afar,  
And lit the fires and taught the way  
Of dazzling sun and star;  
But when man turned his eyes to heaven,  
The sacred seed to him was given.

Ah look, what flowers and fruitage grow  
When heart with heart entwines!  
War's lightnings fade, a tender glow  
On earth's fair bosom shines;  
New energy inspires the breast;  
And, e'en in labor, man has rest.

First in our sires awoke of old  
True purpose and strong will;  
And, looking backward, we behold  
Their ancient glories still;  
But ampler thoughts with years increase,  
Diviner arts, and nobler peace.

Temple Bar.

J. R. MOZLEY.

## SONNET.

EDMUND BURKE AND THE FRENCH REVOLU-  
TION.

The age was sordid; Christian hope burned  
low;

Old thrones of wisdom tottered insecure;  
Old crowns of kings, like mist that o'er a  
moor

When tempest nears it wavers to and fro,  
Shook on weak heads portending overthrow  
By some deserved. The Gallic Siren's lure  
Sang to their death-doom prince at once and  
moor,

Blind pupils of Helvetius and Rousseau.  
Daily to England's shores the infection spread  
Of unbelief and faith republican

In pagan league. Then forth there stepped  
one man:

He stood betwixt the living and the dead:  
He raised his hand. The spirits of darkness  
fled:

To them that prophet's rod was flail and fan.  
Spectator. AUBREY DE VERE.

## JOHN BRIGHT.

LAST of the gladiators gone to rest,  
No more thy voice's trumpet-tone shall  
thrill

The nations halting between good and ill;  
Thy lion head has sunk upon thy breast,  
But death has not annulled thy life's be-  
quest,—

Unswerving right, inviolable will,  
To lead the sons of labor up the hill  
Of freedom, faithful, peaceful, soul-possessed.  
Great tribune of the people, storms may rise,  
They will not shake the pillars of thy throne,  
Seeing thy rule was selflessness sincere.

And praise did never blind those patient eyes  
That looked beyond State discord to the  
year

When golden Love shall bind all hearts in one.  
H. D. RAWNSLEY.

## A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS.

WHISPERING to her lover,  
Oh, but the world is heaven!  
Poppies beneath, and above her  
The bright blue sky of Devon.

Backwards and forwards faring,  
Oh, but the world is chilly!  
Flaunting beneath the glaring  
Gaslight of Piccadilly.

Standing beside the river,  
Oh, but the world is hell!  
Madly, with heart a-quiver,  
Bidding it all farewell.

Temple Bar.

I. B

From The Quarterly Review.

## MR. NORRIS'S NOVELS.\*

A FEW years ago we were turning over the leaves of a kind of literary album, in which were preserved in manuscript striking scenes or happy descriptive passages chosen from modern fiction. There was a good deal that was clever, and a great deal that was in many ways impressive; but we were becoming aware of a feeling of monotony, when we came upon an extract in which an almost forgotten note seemed to be struck. The simplicity, the quiet humor, and the minuteness of observation, shown in the passage, took us back to "The Vicar of Wakefield," and Washington Irving; while the writer's power of style was at once apparent in the air of drowsiness and calm which he was able to breathe into his description of Sunday in an English village. Young Maxwell returns after many wanderings to the scene of his boyhood, and finds the same routine which, week after week, and year after year, had enacted itself in that Sleepy Hollow. The extract is from Mr. Norris's "Thirlby Hall:"—

The next day being Sunday, my uncle and I of course went to church in the morning. The old square pew in which we sat, with its worm-eaten boards, its green baize curtain above them, and its shabby cushions and hassocks; the faint musty smell, for which partly damp and partly the remains of our decaying ancestors were responsible; the village choir in the gallery bawling out "I will arise" to the accompaniment of various musical instruments, which had always been dimly associated in my imagination with King Nebuchadnezzar and his image of gold—all these things brought back vividly to me the days of

my boyhood; days that seemed then far more remote than they do now. I am afraid my mind was a good deal more occupied with memories and vain regrets than with the prayers and the Rector's subsequent homily.

This, like all his discourses, was constructed on time-honored and unvarying lines. Firstly: What was so-and-so? Was it this? No. Was it that? No. Was it something else altogether improbable? Again, no. What, then, was it? Which led to the agreeable discovery that, after all, it was very much what the untutored mind would have pronounced it to be at first sight. Secondly: How was this doctrine illustrated by examples from Holy Writ? Examples from Holy Writ, numerous and more or less apposite, followed. Finally, brethren, how did this great truth come home to all of us? The unsatisfactory conclusion being that it ought to come home to us all in many ways, but that, by reason of the hardness of our hearts, it didn't. Then there was a great scuffling of hobnailed boots, a great sigh of relief, and we were dismissed. Sir Digby and Lady Welby were always waiting for us in the porch, and Sir Digby invariably remarked that the weather was seasonable, while Lady Welby as invariably informed us that she had a headache, "but not one of my bad ones to-day." Then they got into their yellow chariot and were driven away, and my uncle and I walked down the churchyard path to our more modest equipage.

It was this passage which introduced to us the work of Mr. Norris, and we have since read "Thirlby Hall" and his other novels with great pleasure and admiration. It is true that most of his novels have won their way into cheaper editions, and three of them, "Mademoiselle de Mersac," "Matrimony," and "No New Thing," have attained that measure of popularity, of which the outward and visible sign is bad print, and the superscription, "Fcap. 8vo, picture-boards, 2s." Yet his works are unknown to scores of thousands who have read—or who are declared to have at least purchased—the "Hansom Cab;" and there may be some use in indicating the tatted calf to those who are fain to fill their bellies with the husks that the swine ate. For surely never was there an age in which the emptiest literary husks were more eagerly devoured than now, nor in which there was less excuse for its depraved appetite. For we heartily recog-

\* 1. *Heaps of Money*. By W. E. Norris. London, 1877.

2. *Mademoiselle de Mersac*. By the Same. London, 1880.

3. *Matrimony*. By the Same. London, 1881.

4. *No New Thing*. By the Same. London, 1883.

5. *Thirlby Hall*. By the Same. London, 1884.

6. *Adrian Vidal*. By the Same. London, 1885.

7. *The Man of his Word, and other Short Stories*. By the Same. London, 1886.

8. *The Bachelor's Blunder*. By the Same. London, 1886.

9. *My Friend Jim*. By the Same. London, 1886.

10. *Major and Minor*. By the Same. London, 1887.

11. *Chris*. By the Same. London, 1888.

12. *The Rogue*. By the Same. London, 1888.

nize many high qualities and hopeful elements in the English school of fiction of to-day. If its style does not flash and burn like the French, we must remember that it is so difficult to write a really classic French sentence, that only the fit writers survive and the unfit perish. A book written as is the "Mystery of a Hansom Cab" could not exist in French; we doubt, indeed, whether a French Hawley Smart would be possible. But after all, it is as much the good luck as good guidance of a Bourget or a Droz which has brought it to pass that a French sentence must either be written correctly, or must obviously be no sentence at all.\* Though we have but few writers whose pages scintillate like those of George Meredith and R. L. Stevenson, we have many whose style more or less nearly approximates to that of Mr. Norris; that is, to the style of one who always writes like a gentleman, and often like a wit and a scholar. Surely the present generation, when it betakes itself to its husks, can by no means plead in excuse any want of variety in the good grain offered for its acceptance. Among living novelists, Black, Blackmore, Hardy, Meredith, Baring-Gould, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Burnett, the Sisters Gerard, Miss Fothergill, offer each diverse samples of good wholesome grain. And may it not be procured, chopped to the finest tenuity in the analytical school of America, with its dozen or so of reasons why a girl did not smile? Nay, even theology is held to the lips of the novel-reader of the present day, if he prefers his theology diluted. We, for our part, recommend him to take it neat.

When we say that we owe Mr. Norris thanks for writing like a scholar, we have no fear of misconstruction; but when we go so far as to congratulate him on writing like a man of ordinary education, we feel we owe him an apology. This is a quality which ought to belong to all novelists, and to ascribe it to Mr. Norris is indeed to damn him with faint praise. But we

\* M. Scherer, whose recent loss the literary world has to deplore, is far more fastidious. He divides the novels of his own country into two classes—those which are written and those which are not written. With the latter he ranges our English school.

have now reached an epoch in literature at which this praise, humble as it is, can be awarded to very few. Fully fifty per cent. of the novelists of the present day will write "whom he said was his brother;" and about seventy-five per cent. will offend the taste of their readers with a sentence like this, which we quote from an accepted purveyor of fiction, the prolific Hawley Smart:—

A veritable storm in a teacup this, no doubt, but it is precisely such little convulsions that constitute the salt of existence in small country towns.

There is a sentence which will pass muster with the careless reader, but it is disfigured by a vulgarity of style which lies deeper than grammatical solecisms. The sentence is the work of a writer who has not words to say what he means, who takes refuge in utterly outworn figures which he does not clearly conceive, and who finally flounders into a confusion of metaphors which is just not sufficiently marked to be amusing like the blunders ascribed to Sir Boyle Roche, and generally laid to the account of Irish oratory, where the exuberance, not the poverty, of imagination is as a rule the source of the incongruity. The vulgar mind is always under the dominion of some form of words which happens for the time to be in the ascendant. We were once haunted by the "skeleton in the closet"—indeed we are still. The popular writer from whom we have just quoted, in another place, wishing to say that his hero was not at any time known to be suffering from any secret sorrow, writes, "no skeleton in the background ever transpired." We recollect when one could not take up a newspaper or a magazine article without meeting "kittle cattle." To it succeeded the "courage of his convictions," and the "bolt from the blue;" and now we suffer most from "measurable distance" and "proven up to the hilt." Most of these were once good phrases, and we hold with Justice Swallow that "good phrases are surely and ever were very commendable." It has been said that the first man who likened his mistress to a rose was a poet, the second an ass. To speak thus is perhaps to put a truth too strongly. But

undoubtedly the best phrase, the most brilliant figure, the aptest quotation, ultimately attains a ripeness at which it begins to become offensive to sensitive nostrils. The decomposed thought cast away by a Meredith, a Stevenson, or a Norris, is eagerly taken up by the pedlars of literature and exposed for sale on every booth. Not only have we to complain that we are offered intellectual aliment, which, though once good meat, is now unfit for human food, but we have to guard against wooden nutmegs, chicory for coffee, and sand for sugar. "The opportunity was availed of by thousands" never was, and never could have been, an English expression; yet it has made its way into the London daily press, and has been adopted by the rank and file of our minor novelists. The same may be said of *phenomenal*, vulgarly used as synonymous with *remarkable*, *conspicuous*. Barbarisms have become so rife in the literature of to-day,

and dreadful objects so familiar,

that we "do but smile when we behold" such an usage as "he desired *to considerably modify* the remarks which had previously fallen from him." Yet we feel confident that this outrage on English syntax, this divorce of the infinitive mood from the preposition which is its sign, is a thing of yesterday. We believe that English speech was free from this error until the present generation, and that it was not till after Macaulay that

on its property and most dear life  
This damned defeat was made.

The uneducated writer has just that dangerous modicum of knowledge which makes it certain that he shall always go wrong. Instead of "what joy he felt" he thinks he shows accuracy by writing "what joy did he not feel;" far be it from him to say "he bought it cheap;" he feels all the pride of a modern Priscian when he has set down "he bought it cheaply." The best piece of misplaced and perverted purism we have recently met was in a daily paper which recorded that an electoral division had "voted solidly" for a certain candidate. "Voted solid" is an ugly phrase, but it can at least be analyzed; the electors were so unan-

imous in their voting that the expression of their choice was solid, unbroken by dissentients; "solid" is proleptic, like the adjective in "dyed red;" but "voted solidly" is absolute nonsense. The journalist's knowledge was just enough to keep him from slipping fortuitously into a sound construction, from "doing a grammatical act by chance," as Aristotle quaintly puts it. To parody a well-known oxymoron:—

His ignorance in knowledge rooted stood:  
Unerring error kept him rightly wrong.

While we are justified in claiming a place in a comparatively small and select circle for a writer who can even construct his sentences correctly, and in holding up to admiration a novelist who can attain the brilliant finish of Mr. Norris, we feel, however, that this is not the largest debt which we owe him. We entertain a sense of personal gratitude to every writer whose ambition is to carry on the tradition of English fiction from Jane Austen to Thackeray, and who sets his face against the sensationalism which is the greatest danger threatening modern fiction. We do not detect any sign of a revulsion of feeling against sensationalism. We fear the taste for it is even growing—

ἐν ἀρχῇ πῆμα κοῦδέπω μεσσί.

Nor does the utter inanity of the most characteristic products of this school seem to threaten the vitality of the school itself. Macbeth complains that

the times have been,  
That when the brains were out the man would die.

But the want of brains seems to help this class of fiction to live and thrive. Making all reasonable deductions for unthinking exaggeration and for deliberate misstatement, we suppose we may take it that the "Mystery of a Hansom Cab" has commanded a larger sale than any other story of our day, even in its own class. Yet bad as are all the shilling dreadfuls, most of them are high works of art compared with this detestable production. What can have attracted the public we confess ourselves unable to conjecture. It is a tale of a commonplace murder, written in



the vilest English, in which the criticisms of life and manners would argue abnormal stupidity in a boy of fourteen, in which there is not even an attempt to portray a character, and in which (strangest feature of all) the plot is as uninteresting as the style is vulgar, profusely decorated as it is with "the Gordian knot," "the sword of Damocles," "the couch of Proustes" (*sic*), and other classical allusions, which, even if correctly made, are hateful, as having long since become broken-winded and worn out. We wonder who was the "cynical writer" from whom the author cites the apophthegm that, "after all, the illusions of youth are mostly due to the want of experience;" and what "Penny Educator" supplied the citations from Latin and French? The future career of a classical quotation seems to be as much at the mercy of chance as the success of man himself, and the fittest do not seem to survive. We suppose hardly a day passes in which *Timeo Danaos* is not aired somewhere; Macaulay's apt *Cur quis non prandeat hoc est?* from Persius has, we believe, never been used a second time.

But it is not only for its prevailing literary imbecility, that we deplore the rise of a kind of literature which bids fair to inflict serious injury on the legitimate novel; we find in it a moral defect, which is, we believe, peculiar to it. We refer to the dishonest attempt to add to the interest of the story by using solemn and impressive language in attestation of its truth. About a year ago the hoardings and other advertisement spaces of London were disfigured by a horrible picture of a young girl falling in blood under an assassin's knife. This was an incident in a story called "Devlin the Barber," a disagreeable but certainly ingenious tale, which we would by no means treat so unfairly as to class it with the "Hansom Cab." Our chief quarrel with its author is that he seems to pledge his personal veracity for obviously impossible incidents. "What I am about to narrate is absolutely true," says the character in whose mouth he puts the tale. This, however, might be defended — the narrator is a fictitious personage, and cannot give real evidence. But Mr. B. L. Farjeon is no fictitious personage, and we confess that this note on p. 102, attesting as it does the truth of plainly incredible statements, seems to us, to say the least, too *splendide mendax* : —

I have this desk, with its contents, now in my possession. The extraordinary revelations made therein (which I may mention have no

connection with the present story) will one day be made public. — B. L. F.

Surely this distinctly pledges the credit of Mr. B. L. Farjeon for the objective existence of "Devlin the Barber," and, by parity of reasoning, for his incredible powers and impossible feats. We regret to have to confess, that a precedent for this practice is to be found in Charles Dickens, of whose good qualities, too, Mr. Farjeon sometimes succeeds in executing tolerable imitations — we mean imitations which may be perused with only subacute sensations of pain. In the "Trial for Murder," a tale published in 1865 as a chapter in "Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions," Dickens does not, it is true, make himself responsible for the truth of a clearly incredible narrative, but he makes the narrator say, "Of that I am as strictly sure as of every other statement that I make here," which is, indeed, perhaps a sufficiently moderate declaration. This, however, seems to us to be hardly fair, when we think of the effect which it might have on an unexperienced reader : —

My reader is to make the most that can reasonably be made of my feeling jaded, having a depressing sense upon me of a monotonous life, and being slightly dyspeptic. I am assured by my renowned doctor that my real state of health at that time justifies no stronger description, and I quote his own from his written answer to my request for it.

All such attempts to recommend to credence extravagant inventions we hold to be bad in art, and even open to objection morally; and we regret that writers of a certain ability, like Mr. Farjeon and Mr. Conway, should have applied their powers to the particular field of effort which they have chosen. But for reading a book like the "Hansom Cab" there is no excuse, except that one may put oneself in a position to condemn it wholly. Such must be the judgment of all, who believe that in fiction there is any source of instruction, culture, or even rational amusement. It is this class who will thank us for introducing them to Mr. Norris — or rather those among this class, who have not been yet fortunate enough to make his acquaintance.

The manner and method of Mr. Norris at once suggest a comparison with Thackeray. Indeed this has already been drawn by a brilliant and judicious critic. "Would Thackeray," Mr. Andrew Lang recently asked, "have failed to recognize a worthy

follower in Mr. Norris, who is indeed the Thackeray of a later age?" Reflections on life, its hypocrisies, and its euphemisms, coupled with a cynical, because only half-sincere, defence of the world with all its faults and shams, have always been affected by novelists from Fielding down. This is a powerful instrument in the grasp of a Fielding or a Thackeray; but it is an edged tool which is likely to cut the hands that use it unskillfully. A writer cannot moralize without giving us glimpses of his own personality; and, by a sad dispensation of Providence, the more disagreeable the personality of an author is, the more prone he is to bestow it upon us. With all his vigor and with many good gifts, does not Charles Reade inspire one with a perhaps unreasonable loathing of that self, which he is ever obtruding on us, and even of those of his fictitious characters whom he seems personally to admire? Again, the buoyant spirits of Mr. James Payn are, we own, to us unaccountably depressing. Now, Mr. Norris is sparing of bestowing his individuality on the reader, and when he does, he employs that ironical self-assertion by which Thackeray always so cleverly disarmed criticism. Who but Thackeray could have written the "Book of Snobs" without bringing on himself the retort, that he himself was a snob "and the father of it"? Thackeray turned the edge of such a weapon, by boldly assuming the character which he knew would be ascribed to him; "and I ought to know, considering that I might have been seen last Thursday by any one who happened to be in Piccadilly walking arm in arm with a marquess." In the same vein Mr. Norris, instead of posing as a preacher or reformer with a high moral purpose, is rather disposed to sneer at his own craft, and so disarm criticism.

In "My Friend Jim," the teller of the tale is a literary man, and we learn something about his estimate of literary men as members of society, and his consciousness of the kind cruelties to which they have to submit at the hands of their friends:—

During certain months of the year I went a good deal into society, where it was my great good fortune now and then to meet with somebody who had never written a book or even contributed to a magazine. I have always found such persons exceptionally clever and interesting; but they are becoming more and more rare, and will soon, I fear, be extinct. . . . I told him all about myself, and his observations on my literary achievements were flattering, though I think he was a little bit

anxious lest I should ask him had he read my works.

In "Adrian Vidal" the hero is again an author, and we have frequent peeps into Mr. Norris's views about the profession of the novelist, which Mr. James Payn extols so highly as an equally lucrative and elevating pursuit. Mr. Norris's views are not so roseate. He recognizes that a man who lives by his pen must be able complacently to put up with work which falls below the utmost limit of his powers; you must amuse people; you cannot string together a set of essays and call it a novel. The novel-reading public means mainly the women, and love—the English variety, not the French—is the one subject that interests them all. Mr. Norris sees that the time has gone by for sweeping indictments against immorality or even vulgarity. What is now needed is a certain smartness—a light-handed, light-hearted treatment of the problems and the sins of life, the Horatian flick, not the Juvenalian scourge:—

The kind of hard hitting that amused our fathers offends us; and it would be almost as disagreeable to us to read another such onslaught as Macaulay made upon Robert Montgomery as to see a man throw a glass of wine in his neighbor's face.

Mr. Norris may claim kinship with Thackeray, not only in the points which we have mentioned, but in many others. In "Mademoiselle de Mersac" he ventures—always a hazardous experiment—on tracing the fortunes of the De Mersacs through two or three generations before the period at which the story begins. One remembers how in like cases, to relieve the monotony which besets such a narrative, Dickens is forced to sound his most broadly comic stop, and one shudders when one thinks of the attempts of some of his imitators in the same direction. Mr. Norris has the light touch of Thackeray, who guides us through three or four generations as gracefully as a well-bred man might point out the portraits of his ancestors in the family picture-gallery.

But most of all does he resemble the great master of modern fiction in his *esprit malin et railleur*, in his recoil from the obsolete and hackneyed, from worn-out slangs, allusions, and quotations—in a word, in his possession of that quality of *εὐπραγμία* which really has scarcely an English name, and which was so well defined by Aristotle as *παραδεικνύων ὕβρις*, or refined insolence. When Mrs. Winnington, in "No New Thing," remarks that in her

young days it had not been customary to encourage schoolgirls to give themselves ridiculous and impertinent airs, Philip assents from the other side of the table, adding that one of the faults of the present system of education was the teaching of accomplishments which so many of the last generation had shown themselves capable of acquiring without any aid. Mrs. Winnington knew the world, and was not so simple as to believe that it contained any sincere or conscientious people except herself. She possessed in a remarkable degree "that exasperating quality known as tact," and on one occasion, when all the magnates of the surrounding district and various clerical dignitaries from Craybridge were present at a great dinner, "as some of them did not happen to be on speaking terms, Mrs. Winnington had large opportunities for the display of tact, and enjoyed herself very much." In "Heaps of Money" Mr. Howard's hypocrisy is cynically excused:—

Some people knowingly or unknowingly are perpetually playing parts from their cradle to their death-bed. Very likely they can't help themselves, and ought only to be pitied for having an exaggerated sense of the fitness of things.

In the same novel (his first) a reflection, which at first sight threatened to be a platitude, savors well when a little irony is infused:—

Who ever quitted, without a passing pang of regret, a roof which had become familiar to him—did it but cover an official residence (and we know from the repeated assurances of our rulers, how willingly the tenancy of that class of houses is always resigned).

Lord Keswick, being pressed by his father to marry and thus extricate himself from his debts, urges plaintively that he is not a domestic man:—

"Am I a domestic man?" retorts his father. And to tell the truth he certainly was not.

In one of the shorter stories, "The Princess Paolini," an elderly friend interrupts love's young dream by a terribly practical caution. The young lover is standing near the open entrance-door, awaiting the arrival of the princess:—

I ventured at length to approach him, and remonstrate with him on the folly of stationing himself at the elbow of a powdered footman, who might at any moment sneeze, and cover him with flour from head to foot.

The reception of Mr. Gervis by the society of Beachborough is cleverly de-

scribed in "Matrimony," a book full of keen observation and gentle cynicism:—

They encircled him, as it were, with a visiting-card in one hand and a brickbat in the other, waiting for further information before they should decide which of these forms of welcome should be launched at the intruder.

And here are two aphorisms which seem to us both just and original. One is from "Chris," a very charming little tale:—

The young are often more ready to make allowances for the old than the old are to do as much for the young.

The other is from his last novel, "The Rogue":—

There is nothing like a little difference with one of our friends to make us thoroughly appreciate the sterling qualities of all the others.

For the criticisms and reflections on life which we have quoted we do not claim the originality of Rochefoucauld, the subtlety of George Eliot, or the epigrammatic finish of George Meredith; they are the comments of a man of the world who observes things about him, and we do not think that they have been put so well before. Nothing is easier than to moralize in a certain fashion, and truisms about life actually commend themselves to certain classes, for instance to the readers of Ouida and Hawley Smart. "Our life below is short," says Lady Wathin in Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways;" "On the other hand," says Diana, "the platitudes about it are eternal."

Perhaps in none of his novels does Mr. Norris remind us so much of Thackeray as in "Thirlby Hall." Franzenshöhe constantly suggests Pumpernickel and its Serene Transparencies; and not even Thackeray better understood "that queer national compound of materialism and sentimentality, which to Englishmen has always appeared so incomprehensible, and to Frenchmen so supremely ludicrous." The hero, Charley Maxwell, has much in common with Pendennis. As *attaché* at Franzenshöhe he falls completely under the influence of the brilliant Lady Constance, and forgets Maud Dennison and his boyish love, which Mr. Norris has drawn with great truth and delicacy. When Charley returns to the home of his youth, he is astonished and rather indignant to find that his friend, plain, honest George Warren—a kind of Traddles—is hopelessly in love with Maud. Maxwell is surprised at this discovery, but sees that there really can be very little interest

in poor George's love troubles. "Did she mention — me?" he asks. George feels himself to be quite a brute when he answers: —

I must confess that when I spoke to her on the subject of marriage, I was more anxious to find out my own chances than yours. No; she said nothing about you.

With a little of the cynicism and something of the pathos of the great master, Mr. Norris combines a good deal of the good-humor of Anthony Trollope, and shows in common with him a certain distaste for dwelling on the lifeless and withered side of life. In "No New Thing," we are often reminded of the best work of Trollope. He speaks both of Nellie Brune and Edith Winington as his heroines, and tells the love tale of both; but the central figure is really Margaret Stanniforth. She is left rich early in life by the death of her husband. Colonel Kenyon, who is a kind of Dobbin, is in love with Margaret since his boyhood, but Margaret will not think of marrying again, and, to fill up her now empty life, she adopts an Italian boy, Philip Marescalchi, who becomes afterwards a great burden on her. However, Mr. Norris's gentlemen are unmistakably gentlemen, even when they are bad and thoroughly selfish; and utterly worthless as Philip is, "there was a certain helplessness about the man which endeared him to all women and made them hate to see him suffer;" and his audacity, and determination not to occupy an unpicturesque position, go far to win for him even the sympathy of the reader: —

"I may as well tell you," says Philip, "it is all over between Nellie and me. Don't try to look distressed. You know that you think, as everybody else does, except Meg, that she is well rid of me. At the same time if you feel disposed to admire my fortitude I don't forbid you to do so. In me, Edith, you see that sublime spectacle, a good man struggling with adversity. By a most unkind freak of fortune I have failed to establish my right to call myself Brune, and I am by no means clear that I have not lost my old name in the attempt. I return home in broken spirits to be told by Nellie that upon further consideration she finds that she never cared a brass farthing for me. I come up to London and make a hideous fiasco of my first appearance as a public singer. Ah, well; let us talk about something else. Here comes Mr. Stanniforth, looking the benevolent legislator all over. I wonder whether he could be induced to hatch a scheme for the sustenance of unsuccessful public singers at the national expense.

Nothing, perhaps, in Mr. Norris's work

is more lifelike than the complete defeat of the excellent Colonel Hugh Kenyon, first by Mrs. Winington and then by Philip. Colonel Kenyon finds that Margaret has been so plundered by her mother Mrs. Winington and her *protégé* Philip, that she has been reduced to comparative poverty, and falls seriously ill. The good colonel rushes to the rescue, and first attacks the female leech. Of the two depredators, Mrs. Winington, who honestly believes herself to be actuated by the highest and purest motives, is more insatiable than Philip, who cynically parades his utter unscrupulousness. This is the account of the colonel's first reverse: —

Striding into the room, Colonel Kenyon beheld the foe with whom he had come to wage war prostrate upon the sofa, dishevelled as to her hair, and very red and swollen as to her eyes and nose.

"How do you do?" said Mrs. Winington. "I don't know why they let you come up. I am not in a state to receive visitors. I am very ill indeed."

"Oh!" said Hugh, a good deal disconcerted; for he felt that the force of his attack must now be greatly weakened. "What is the matter with you? Gout again?"

"I believe," answered Mrs. Winington impressively, "I am about to die."

"Oh, I don't think so; you don't look like it at all," said Hugh, with conspicuous lack of sympathy.

"I do not know," rejoined Mrs. Winington, "what I may look like; but I know what I feel. However, I have no wish to weary you with my complaints. I have never talked about my health, or taken care of it, as you are aware. Perhaps if I had thought less of others and more of myself, as Cardinal Wolsey said, I should not be in the condition that I am in now."

"I didn't know that Cardinal Wolsey had said that," remarked Hugh; "but to the best of my belief you have no reason to reproach yourself on that score, Mrs. Winington. You haven't thought too much of late about Margaret, it seems to me! . . . She has been in a Nurses' Institution; and I am sorry to say that she has made herself rather seriously ill."

"A Nurses' Institution! you don't mean to say so! How very extraordinary poor dear Margaret is! Of course you were quite right to take her away — especially if she is going to be ill. It is nothing catching, I hope."

"No; you need not be afraid of going to see her."

"As for my going to see her," Mrs. Winington went on, "I don't know how long it may be before I am able to manage that. But I will send Edith. . . ."

"Of course you will prepare to take her abroad directly," said he finally.

"I don't know about directly," she an-



swered. "I meant to have gone to Homburg as soon as I was able to travel; but things have happened which may oblige me to change my plan. As for remaining a whole winter out of England that I certainly cannot do. You must remember that dear Margaret is not my only daughter, and that I cannot be always with her. I have tried to leave her as little alone as I could. But I have made some engagements for the autumn which I must fulfil. That is, if I live so long," she added, remembering that she had just predicted her speedy dissolution.

"In other words, rather than give up a few visits, you would leave Margaret to the tender mercies of a doctor and a lady's maid, hundreds of miles away from all her friends."

"What your object can be in saying rude and false things about me I can't imagine. Of course dear Margaret must have some one with her, and if she were really ill I should go to her at once. But I don't think it likely that matters are as bad as you make out. . . . However, all these matters can be discussed later; just now I do not feel up to talking any more. Will you give my best love to dear Margaret, please, and tell her that if she will come and see me I shall be so glad. Edith will go to her as soon as she has a spare moment."

"Very well; I will give her that message," answered Hugh, getting up; and as he went down-stairs he tried to console himself by reflecting that he would have probably done more harm than good if he had succeeded in picking a quarrel with Mrs. Winnington. "But the other," thought he, "is different. He is a man; I can deal with him, I think."

In the interview with "the other" the good colonel is even more decisively routed. It would require too much space to record the whole incident, but this is a sample of it:—

It added fuel to the flames of his indignation to be shown into a spacious sitting-room adorned with much gilding and crimson damask, and many mirrors.

"You have dropped into pretty comfortable quarters here," he remarked, almost before Philip had time to say, "How do you do?"

Mr. Marescalchi, who had been lying on the sofa smoking a cigarette, resumed his recumbent attitude, and blew a cloud of smoke towards the ceiling.

"They wouldn't be bad," he replied, "if they were not so execrably furnished. It is pain and grief to have to sit in such a gaudy room as this. But one can't have everything, and the hotel is tolerably comfortable in other respects."

"I have no doubt it is. Tolerably expensive too, I should think."

"Oh, of course. You can't live in a London hotel during the season for nothing; and from what I hear I should say that this was about the most ruinous establishment of the

lot. Still, when one has the means, you know —"

Hugh exploded like a bomb. "The means! Deuce take it all, Marescalchi, this is rather too good a joke! Do you think I don't know where your means come from? Are you aware, sir, that Margaret has had to pinch and screw, and put down her establishment, and reduce herself to— to positive indigence, by George! in order to provide you with the means of lying on your back on the sofa and smoking your beastly cigarettes all day?"

"They aren't beastly, really," said Philip mildly; "they're the best I can get. Won't you try one? These are not my rooms, by the way. They are occupied by Signora Tommasini, who kindly allows me to make use of them."

Philip having thus decidedly scored the first hit, the interview goes on until the colonel calls Philip a wholesale robber. When he refuses to retract, Philip challenges him to a duel, and hints that he is a coward when he refuses to fight. Whereupon the colonel threatens to "hammer" Philip, who points out that it is not dignified to insult a man whom you know you can thrash, and then to decline to meet with pistols on more even terms. The colonel feels bound to apologize, and retires in confusion.

We have given a long extract from "No New Thing," because we wish to give our readers a ready means of judging whether Mr. Norris cannot do work that may be compared favorably with Anthony Trollope at his best. Tom Stanniforth in this same work is a study in many ways resembling Jonathan Stubbs in "Ayala's Angel," one of the best conceived of Trollope's later novels. But Mr. Norris sometimes seems to forget that Mrs. Winnington, whom he naturally hates, is a lady. Like Mrs. Proudie, she is the wife of a bishop. Mrs. Jiniwin, in "The Old Curiosity Shop," might more fitly have addressed an old friend returned from India in the words with which Mrs. Winnington receives Hugh Kenyon:—

"You are looking very old and worn out. I suppose India is quite fatal to health and appearance, especially in the case of officers, who always drink more than they ought to do in those hot climates, I believe. Isn't there a place called Simla where everybody goes in the summer months? I don't pretend to be well up in the geography of those regions. But from all I can make out, the vulgarity of these people is only equalled by their immorality."

Mrs. Winnington, however, is a very vigorously drawn "character part," though we think the far slihter sketch of Mrs.



Worsley, a more refined Mrs. Jellyby, in "The Rogue," shows more independent observation:—

"I am an old woman," said Mrs. Worsley, "and my niece is young and inexperienced. So long as she lives under my roof I must hold myself responsible for her, and I can't sanction her associating with miscreants."

"Is her brother a miscreant?"

"Now, Mr. Kennedy, if you fancy you are going to draw me into specific accusations you will be disappointed. I have had actions for libel and actions for slander brought against me before now in the course of my public duties, and I know pretty well what the ridiculous laws of this country are. I assert in general terms that I will not allow my niece to associate with miscreants; and I further assert that I will not allow her to meet her brother Thomas in Ladbroke Square. That much I am ready to put in writing; and if you think an action will lie, you had better bring it."

However, if in portraying Mrs. Winton Mr. Norris for once shows a tendency to play to the gallery, he has more than redeemed "No New Thing" by his charming study of Margaret Stanniforth, who, though not young nor beautiful, seems to us to rank next to Jeanne de Mersac among his heroines. Colonel Kenyon in a few touching words gives the keynote of the whole story:—

"All that you have thought of, Margaret, has been to please those whom you have loved; and they have made use of you, and turned their backs on you when they could make use of you no longer. That is no new thing, I suppose."

In pointing to certain resemblances in method between Mr. Norris and Anthony Trollope, we are far from suggesting any real community of view as to the aim and the limits of the novelist's art. Indeed, we would confidently trace the genesis of Mr. Norris's fiction to a much higher source, and regard him as the literary descendant and heir of that marvellous girl, who won to an absorbing interest in the quiet tenor of life, as it enacted itself under her own rustic and home-keeping eyes, a generation blunted and deafened by the "big bow-wow"\* of Mrs. Radcliffe, Godwin, Beckford, and Monk Lewis. In

\* "Read again, and for the third time at least, Miss Austen's very finely written novel of 'Pride and Prejudice.' That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The Big Bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!" (Diary of Sir Walter Scott.)

the hands of Jane Austen the life of average humanity, swept by no violent gusts of passion, upheaved by no volcanoes of exceptional experience, came for the first time under artistic treatment. The great master who originated the art of criticism has taught us that poetry—that is, dramatic and epic poetry—is more philosophical than history. The latter only puts before us the things which have happened, and these may, in many instances, be exceptions to the general rules which regulate the sequence of events in human life; but poetry presents us with things as they ought to be, with the examples of the regular operation of cause and effect in human things. It is in the same way that novels like those of Miss Austen and those which we are now considering are a source, not only of amusement, but of instruction. They constitute artificial experience, and teach a lesson which none but the dullest can fail to learn; while it is only the highly organized few, who can turn to profitable use the rough teachings of actual experience,—

qui ferre incommoda vitæ  
Nec iactare iugum vita didicere magistra.

Such works do not deal in fiends and angels. Instead of the splendors and horrors of an imaginary world, they show us an accurate picture of what is going on around us; and, if the schemers and villains do not succeed so completely as some do in real life, at all events they are not overwhelmed by such signal judgments as outrage all sense of probability. But such works must be pictures, not photographs; and must appeal to us as artistic, not merely as accurate. A photograph of Dutch boors drinking could hardly be a source of real pleasure, though a picture of the same scene may be very delightful. It is in this that the art of Anthony Trollope falls below that of Miss Austen and Mr. Norris. There is nothing elevating or even improving in fiction which presents us with characters which are never on a higher or larger scale than ourselves, of a more generous or loftier cast than the persons one meets at a dinner-party or in a club smoking-room. The types of character should be presented to us in such a way as to stimulate our imagination, and kindle our admiration and love. Miss Austen's Anne Elliot and Catherine Morland, Mr. Norris's Jeanne de Mersac, Margaret Stanniforth, St. Luc, and Dick Herbert, are perfectly natural and lifelike. We can almost hear them talking. But they have an ideal of human conduct and

aspiration, which, though sometimes far — very far in the case of St. Luc — from conventional, is yet, in its effect on the reader, noble and elevating. And such lessons may be conveyed conversely by the treatment of natures in themselves more or less ignoble. Let him that is without egotism study George Meredith's dissection of Sir Willoughby Patterne, and he will perceive how subtle is the enemy from whose assaults he thought himself secure. This is really the difference between the art of Sophocles and Euripides; Sophocles admitted reality only within the limits which dramatic art as conceived by him justified, Euripides sacrificed everything to reality — Sophocles painted, Euripides photographed.\*

It is not easy to analyze the plot of any of Mr. Norris's novels. We cannot complain of a lack of interesting incident, and the stories are all well told, fascinating us we scarce know why, but we feel sure that he is more at home in the delineation of character. Adrian Vidal, who is a *littérateur*, says that the publisher ought to provide plots for the novelist, and asks where is the plot in "Tristram Shandy." We might put the same question with regard to "Vanity Fair." However, it is theoretically true that a story ought to be a story, and plots we must have. Those of Mr. Norris are for the most part slight, and are quite subservient to the delineation of character and the dramatization of society. In "The Bachelor's Blunder" more than in any other work he calls in the aid of incident; but we rather deplored the attempted murder, which tended to spoil a book full of delicate characterization. The episode leaves a sense of incongruity as displeasing as the similar experiment made by Anthony Trollope in "Phineas Redux." A more characteristic example of his method is to be found in his first really ambitious work, "Mademoiselle de Mersac," which indeed has a good deal in common with the last, "The Rogue." In both the heroine represents the author's favorite type. Both would turn a deaf ear to the poet's counsel, —

Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.

\* This is the real meaning of the words ascribed to Sophocles, *αὐτὸς μὲν ἀνθρώπων οἶσος δὲ ποῦδ*, *Εὐριπίδης δὲ οἶδς εἰσιν*. The infinitive to be supplied with *δὲ* is *ποιεῖν*, not *εἶναι*. The meaning of *οἶσος δὲ* (*ποιεῖν*) is "as art demands." It would be absurdly untrue to say that Sophocles described men as

And in both the plot mainly hinges on the relation of a sister towards her brother; in the one case sisterly affection, and in the other the sense of a sister's duty, seems to drive the heroine away from the man she loves, and to force on her a marriage that she detests.

Jeanne, the orphan daughter of the Marquis de Mersac, lives in a romantic old house, near El-Biar in Algiers, with her brother Léon and the old Duchesse de Breuil, a *grande dame* who had played no inconsiderable part in the political and social history of her country till she had been shouldered aside to make room for the satellites of a new *régime*, and had retired, like her old admirer the marquis, to the picturesque African colony. Jeanne found in her brother's well-being the chief end of her existence. She was indifferent to all other men, save the Vicomte de St. Luc, whom she regarded almost with abhorrence as a dangerous associate for Léon. St. Luc, whose handsome face, distinguished manners, and lavish expenditure had made him a prime favorite in Paris society, at last ruins himself by betting on the Grand Prix, and retires to Algiers. Here the irresistible vicomte for the first time loves, and for the first time is repelled. The favorite of the grand ladies of Paris fails with an inexperienced girl whose life had been passed in remote Algeria. St. Luc did not know that inexperienced girls are usually far more exacting than women of the world, and that the qualities which find favor in the eyes of the latter class seldom recommend themselves to the former. His formal and courtly homage wearies the girl, and makes interesting by its very contrast the cool self-assurance of Barrington, a *dilettante* Englishman of middle age, who amuses himself by making love to this Algerian Pallas Athene. At last the *peripeteia* of the drama is brought about by a rather original device. St. Luc, whose desire is to scare young Léon away from the gambling-table forever, wins from him at lansquenet a sum much larger than Léon can pay. The boy solemnly forswears gambling; but when the vicomte tears up his acknowledgment of the debt, he finds in Léon an obstinacy which completely defeats his design. Neither by argument nor by ridicule can the young man be induced to consent to look on the debt as cancelled. He must tell all to his sister, sell his property, pay his debt, and

they ought to be; no dramatic poetry would be possible under such conditions. Beings whose actions were all morally perfect would not afford materials for a tale.

emigrate. At last St. Luc persuades him to turn the debt into a kind of a wager. He bets 255,800 francs to 10 centimes that he will marry Léon's sister. Then if he should be so blest as to prosper in his suit—and Léon is heartily on his side—Jeanne will come to him with a dowry diminished by that sum. Léon at last agrees, on the understanding that, if St. Luc should fail, the money is still owed to him. This is the beginning of trouble. Jeanne has just discovered that she loves Barrington, who has almost asked her to be his wife. She is to meet him at a ball that very night, and then she will accept him. Her dream of love is interrupted by Léon, who begins to plead the cause of St. Luc, and who finally discloses to her his wager. The girl is indignant at having been made the stake in a game of cards, and declares she will never forgive St. Luc. She does not go to the ball, and Barrington is called away to England, where absence cools his love, and the incidents of English society bring strongly before him the disadvantages which would attend a marriage with a foreigner and a Catholic. Then Jeanne recognizes that the die is cast. The rest of her life must be spent, not with the man she loves, but with one for whom at the time she feels an absolute abhorrence. Further than this it would be a mistake to pursue the plot. On this not very strong pivot it all turns. We have to take it for granted that such a girl as Jeanne could so completely misapprehend such a man as St. Luc, and could fail to see the inherent worthlessness of Barrington; but when we have surmounted this difficulty, we have in St. Luc as noble a portrait as modern fiction affords, and we promise the reader that the *dénouement* does not offend either against the laws of probability or against those of art.

A very similar *motif* is used, as we have said, in "The Rogue." But the personality of Jeanne is divided between Stella Mowbray, who has many of her strong and positive qualities, and Gertrude Heywood, who like her is ready to sacrifice herself for her brother, Tom Heywood, the rogue. Like all novels of character, "The Rogue" has hardly any plot. The story is a series of episodes most ingeniously constructed to illustrate the facts, that Tom Heywood is at once weak and unscrupulous, but so original and ingenious in his *rôle* of rogue that he deceives nearly all who know him, and sometimes comes near to deceiving himself; that

Oswald Kennedy is generous and affectionate, but sceptical and distrustful, mainly of himself; that Gertrude is self-sacrificing, without being, like Jeanne de Mersac, of the stuff of which heroines are made; and that Stella Mowbray is enthusiastic and high-minded to the very brink of perversity. There is a fire at which Oswald Kennedy does all the work and Tom Heywood gets all the praise. There is a race in which Tom Heywood bets against his own mount, and loses the race so cleverly that Oswald gets into serious trouble for finding him out. Oswald can only bring himself to hint at the possibility of Tom's having done so dishonorable an act; and Tom meets his suspicions with such manly, good-humored frankness, mingled with a suggestion of how serious the consequences would be if he really felt his honor wounded, that every one recognizes in Tom the model British sportsman. There are swindling companies promoted by Tom and his friend Fisher, the American. Gertrude, who is in love with Algy Pycroft, is urged by her brother to marry Fisher, who is in possession of a secret about Tom's past life, which he threatens to disclose. One sees that the American adventurer is struggling against a generous impulse all along, and one is prepared to find that at the last he yields to his better self, and foregoes his advantage. Throughout all there is the game of cross-purposes caused by Tom's shiftiness, Oswald's irresolution, Stella's noble perversity, and Gertrude's blind devotion to her unworthy brother. Out of those materials a most fascinating novel is constructed. Stella is a girl after Mr. Norris's own heart, a female *heautontimorumenos*, who keeps on erecting obstacles between herself and the man she loves; but she is as free and wild as Horace's *latis equa prima campis*, and one has a feeling of satisfaction when she is finally tamed, and when the course of true love, which she has so industriously been damming, runs smooth at last.

The method and manner of Mr. Norris make it difficult to analyze his plots; it is easier and pleasanter to consider how he has dealt with the main constituents of modern society.

We have said that Mr. Norris's gentlemen are gentlemen, even when they are villains. Lord St. Austell, in "Adrian Vidal," finds his wife burning her love-letters. His way of accepting his wife's admission that he behaved like a gentleman is characteristic:—

"Burning letters?" he asked, with a glance at the shrivelled shreds of paper on the hearth. "An excellent plan. There is only one better as far as I know, and that is not to receive any."

"How can one help receiving letters?" asked Lady St. Austell faintly.

"I'm sure I don't know—I wish to goodness I did! But your letters, I should imagine, are chiefly answers; and I can give you as practical a piece of advice about them as 'Ask no questions, and you'll be told no lies.' Don't write rubbish to young fools, and you won't have to scorch your face till you look like a cook by burning their replies on a hot summer afternoon."

"How coarse you are!" cried Lady St. Austell indignantly. "I am not given to behaving in the way that you describe."

"Are you not? But I haven't asked any questions, you know, so you needn't—well, you needn't answer. In point of fact, I don't feel the slightest curiosity about the matter. All the same, I wouldn't keep such a rascally lady's-maid, if I were you."

"I am not going to keep her; I have just dismissed her. Has she been speaking to you?"

"Yes, she has. Bounced out at me as I was coming up-stairs, and began to pour out such a stream of venom that she positively frightened me. I told her to go to blazes."

"Did you really?" exclaimed Lady St. Austell gratefully. "Thank you, Sidney; you acted like a gentleman."

"That appears to surprise you. Personally, I am not certain that it is very like a gentleman to use strong language to one's inferiors; but she ought not to have bounced at me. I can't stand being bounced at. She is a good-looking woman too," continued his lordship meditatively. "Cursed with a vile temper, though, I should think."

His gentlemen who are not villains, are thoroughly good fellows. Mainwairing, in "Heaps of Money," is a kind of man with whom one would like one's son to play billiards. It must be remembered that Mainwairing hates Mr. Howard:—

"I say, Mainwairing," said one of the young men, after play had been going on for some few minutes, "do you know much of that fellow Howard you were with at the band this evening?"

"Not much," answered Mainwairing. "About as much as I know of—you or anybody here. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing. I thought perhaps he was a friend of yours."

"Not at all," said Mainwairing.

"Well, I'll tell you what," said the young man, winking, with the solemn knowingness of youth; "I wouldn't play *écarté* with him if I was you. I know something of the game, but he's one too many for me, I can tell you."

"Mr. Howard," said Mainwairing, after making his stroke with much deliberation,

"has probably been studying the game of *écarté* for the last forty years, more or less; you, I should say, have been at it for about four. Why on earth you should suppose that you are likely to beat him I can't see."

"Oh, I don't want to swagger about my play," returned the young man, rather annoyed. "I'm not exactly a beginner, as it happens, but of course I can't win money out of a man who turns up the king every other deal."

"Now look here, my boy," said Mainwairing, laying his hand upon the speaker's arm, "take my advice and don't go about saying that kind of thing, or you'll find yourself in trouble one of these days. You either mean nothing, or you mean that Mr. Howard cheats at cards. And, as one who has seen perhaps rather more of club life than you have, let me tell you that it doesn't do to make speeches of that kind in a club or anywhere else unless you have clear and positive proof to bring forward—and not always then."

"I didn't say he cheated," blurted out the young man, growing very red and confused.

"I certainly understood you to hint it," said Mainwairing.

St. Luc, in "*Mademoiselle de Mersac*," and Dick Herbert, in "*A Bachelor's Blunder*," are the two noblest gentlemen that Mr. Norris has drawn. Each displays in his own way to what an extent a man who is really a man can forget and efface himself in his chivalrous devotion to a woman who misunderstands him, and who is yet a fine type of woman. St. Luc, it may be mentioned, is in every respect an Englishman as much as Dick Herbert. Unlike Thackeray's *De Florac*, this French vicomte is French only in name; and the same may be said of *Jeanne de Mersac*, who is, perhaps, his most charming female portrait, and who is an English girl to her fingers' tips. The only fault we detect in Mr. Norris's men, as regards dramatic treatment, is that they are too clever. From Mainwairing to Oswald Kennedy they coruscate; even Bertie Cunningham, the Guardsman, cannot help putting neatly what he has to say. Barrington, in "*Mademoiselle de Mersac*," is so incapable of the least self-denial, or of even comprehending the elevated nature of either *Jeanne* or *St. Luc*, that one would hardly call him a gentleman; yet he knows so well what he ought to feel, and puts it so happily, in a word his manners are so perfect, that if he has a defect it is that he is too gentlemanlike. "Barrington," says old Mr. Ashley, "would be one of the pleasantest men in England, if he could only get out of the habit of talking to other men as though he were the Prince of Wales." Barrington, like Mrs. Win-



nington, succeeds in deceiving even himself. Philip, in "No New Thing," and Tom Heywood, in "The Rogue," aim only at deceiving others, though the rogue feels better when he confesses (to himself) his unworthiness:—

Marvellous, indeed, are the love and fidelity of good women. Too often, alas! lavished, as Tom confessed to himself with a humility which made him feel better, upon unworthy objects.

Mr. Norris's honest men have not undergone much change. Mainwairing is of the same type as Oswald Kennedy. But his rogues have improved immensely, and never was there a better rogue in fiction than he who gives its name to Mr. Norris's last novel. Lady Hester, who has committed herself to the opinion that Tom is a rogue, attempts to dissect him morally, and so she leads him on to talk about himself:—

Tom, who, to use the expression which he would have employed himself, had not been born yesterday, divined Lady Hester's aim at once, and told her no more than he felt disposed to tell. However, such information as he did impart to her was imparted in a frank and engaging style.

"The truth is," said he, "that I am one of those luckless beings who are described as living by their wits. It has a disreputable sound, has it not? And yet one would think it was rather creditable to a man than otherwise that he should have wits to live by."

"It is creditable to employ them if he has them, no doubt," said Lady Hester.

"That's what I mean. I have so far employed mine that I have been able to keep my head above water and haven't been a burden upon my relations, which is more or less creditable, I suppose. The disreputable part of it is that I have no regular occupation, and no income worth mentioning. Only I really don't think it's my fault, if that signifies," he continued, laughing.

"I should think it was your misfortune," Lady Hester said. "But what do people do when they have knowledge of business but insufficient capital? Don't they generally start a company and get others to take shares in it?"

Tom threw a quick, keen glance at the old lady, whose countenance wore an expression of guileless curiosity. "That is often done," he replied; "and to tell you the truth I have done it myself. But I don't think I shall do it again. Companies don't always earn a profit; sometimes they smash up, and then the people who have subscribed the capital get into a rage."

"How unreasonable of them!"

"Very; but it's the way of the world. And then, again, though I certainly have some knowledge of business, I'm just the sort of

fellow who is likely to be humbugged. I take a sanguine view of things—I can't help it."

"You believe in human integrity, in short. Well, I can't blame you for that. So the chances are that you will live and die a poor man."

Tom nodded. "I would run the risk of advising anybody to lay odds on that event. As for giving my friends any other advice about the employment of their money, experience has taught me to keep out of it. My poor old grandfather never forgave me because he dropped a thousand or two in a speculation which I thought as safe as a church, and my aunt, Mrs. Worsley, won't speak to me because she had a misfortune of the same kind. Neither of them seemed to realize that you can't have twenty per cent. and absolute security. Now you know it really won't do for me to go on making bitter enemies of all my belongings in that way."

Of "character parts," as they are called on the stage, perhaps the best is the sage and champion bore, Mr. Flemyng, in "Matrimony," while Admiral Bagshawe and General Blair in the same book are very clever sketches. Nothing could be more characteristic than Mr. Flemyng's conversation at dinner:—

At the dinner-table Geneviève found herself seated next to the sage, who before long condescended to address her directly.

"You have lived all your life abroad, Miss Gervis, I understand. Now how does England strike you, looking at it, as you must do, from a foreigner's point of view?"

Geneviève began to think that a man who could ask so exasperatingly silly a question as this could hardly be a modern Solomon after all.

"I am an Englishwoman, although I was brought up abroad," she answered, an answer of some kind being necessary.

"Just so—just so. I myself am a cosmopolitan. Much as I value the privileges of a British subject, I cannot help seeing that the French have the advantage of us in some respects, the Germans in others, and the Italians, again, in others."

Mr. Gervis in the same novel is an excellent specimen of the cultured cynic, who is generous merely to save himself the trouble of refusing. Here is the way in which he writes to his son:—

"Where did you find a manager to accept your piece? When I next go to Paris I shall be glad if you will introduce me to that person. It is always comforting to meet with a brother fool. That I am a fool is a fact which has long been patent to myself, and I observe signs of its not being altogether a secret to others. But in order to remove any lingering scepticism that may exist upon the point, I have just ordered £800 to be paid in to your bankers."



However, the refined and liberal cynic is a person who has been rather overdone in fiction, and such seems to be the feeling of the author, who makes Geneviève say, that to make merry over fallen humanity by distributing simultaneous alms and insults is, to her mind, as sorry a sport as a gentleman could indulge in.

Another excellent character part is the feeble and gentle old Mr. Turner, the father of the detestable Hilda, in "My Friend Jim." Lord Bracknell is the husband of Hilda:—

"Bracknell," continued Mr. Turner, "is, I am persuaded, both kind-hearted and well-meaning, and would not hurt my feelings for the world; but his habitual companions are—well, not precisely congenial to me, and he has contracted from associating with them a tendency to use words and expressions which, though possibly uttered in what I may call almost an innocent spirit, are such as I might find it my duty as a clergyman to protest against. Dear Hilda thinks—and I quite agree with her—that all risk of unpleasantness should be avoided, and therefore she has kindly secured rooms for me in a very well-conducted hotel. I must remember, however, to tell them that eggs don't agree with me. Unfortunately they seem unable to give me anything else."

Now I very well knew that Bracknell might use language fit to make a bargee's hair stand on end before the reverend gentleman would dare to uplift his voice in rebuke.

The heroines of Mr. Norris represent in common a very marked type of character. We refer only to the heroines whom he himself admires, and holds up for the admiration of the reader, Jeanne de Mersac, Linda Howard, Margaret Stanniforth, Maud Dennison, Stella Mowbray; not the Nina Flemyngs and Hilda Turners, who are heroines only as constituting central figures in the story. His girls who are intended to be charming, and who, indeed, are very charming, are all ladies; but they seem to resent violently the imputation that they are women. The slightest hint that they might in any circumstances inspire tender feelings in a man—still more the horrid imputation that they could possibly entertain such a feeling for a man—is enough to lash them into a frenzy. When Lieschen ventures to hint at the obvious fact, that Mainwaring is in love with her mistress, Linda cuts her short with—

"You had better go back to your work now, Lieschen. If Christine were not so fond of gossiping she would not forget her commissions so often as she does."

Stella Mowbray is shockingly rude to Oswald Kennedy when she meets him for the first time, apparently for no reason but because he is a young man in a position to marry. When her friend Mrs. Farnaby wants to know what the young man was like, whom she had met during her morning ride—

Stella Mowbray's grey eyes flashed, and her nostrils dilated. "I wish," she exclaimed, "you could possibly be convinced that a man is not invariably and necessarily a being to be flirted with or married."

Just before she accepts Oswald, this is the way in which she speaks to him:—

"Thank you, Mr. Kennedy; you have said a good many disagreeable things to me before now, and some of them may have been deserved—at any rate I have always noticed that you seem to say them with perfect sincerity. But I should not have thought that even you had so low an opinion of me as to think that I would marry that man."

It is a pity that all his most attractive girls are so possessed by that "fierce virginity" which George Eliot ascribes to Gwendolen in "Daniel Deronda." When Stella finally surrenders, she speaks of her effrontery in proposing to Oswald:—

"I am sure we shall be a very quarrelsome couple," Stella exclaimed at length.

"I am sure we shall be no such thing," returned Oswald confidently.

"Oh, you won't quarrel; that is the worst of you. You will always be in the right, and will take an indulgent view of my absurd ways of going on, and you will find me an unfailing source of amusement. I foresee that mine will be a trying life, and that I shall yet have reason to repent of my effrontery in proposing to you after you had quite made up your mind to let me go."

Mr. Norris's heroines are not disposed to admit the existence of love on the girl's part before an avowal on the man's. Here is the end of a very subtle proposal scene (one can guess how it was that Beatrice could not get at her watch):—

"Tell me truly, Beatrice" [says Brian in "Major and Minor"], "when did you first begin to care for me?"

"I don't know," replied Beatrice, "I can't get at my watch. I suppose about ten minutes ago."

This rabid virginity is perhaps exaggerated. But how delightful is the type presented, when one thinks of Charles Reade's girls!—

"Lucy, I think you want a good cry."

"Julia, I d-d-d-do."

"Then come, Lucy, and have it on my shoulder."

"Julia, come cuddle me quick."

Such is the portentous type of English girl which Charles Reade presented to us, and — *infandum!* — she still attracts a certain class. She has ruined that decidedly clever tale, "Mr. Barnes of New York," in the person of Enid Anstruther, who was quite pleasing until the author in an evil hour bethought him of Charles Reade's girls. It should be remembered, to add to the horrors of Charles Reade's *gynaeceum*, that these creatures who display such revolting femininity, have as a rule just contended single-handed against several burglars, baffled a crew of pirates, or performed some other ultra-masculine and impossible feat. When a novelist has in view the ultimate production of his book as a drama, he can hardly avoid addressing even his novel to the pit and gallery. The modern stage seems to demand these

Fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce.

"The spectacle of a woman who really does not want to get married is a novel and refreshing one," says the cynical Barrington in "Mademoiselle de Mersac." If this is so, it is the fault of society, and girls are none the worse if they make the best of society and its unfair and oppressive code. Mr. Norris's favorite heroines have a violent objection to be supposed to be desirous of the married state, even a violent objection to enter it, which is a quite different thing.

"Whenever I have loved a woman," says Alfred de Musset, "I have told her of it; whenever I have ceased to love her I have also told her of it; believing that in such matters there is nothing to be ashamed of except falsehood." Such is the French conception of a young man's duty to a girl, and such seems to have been the view of at least one German, Goethe. Barrington looks at the situation from the French point of view; indeed he resembles a Frenchman more than Jeanne resembles a Frenchwoman. The sound English sentiment on the matter finds expression in the mouth of Barrington's practical English friend, on the receipt of the letter in which the former glorifies his love's middle-aged dream: "Making love is very good fun, as everybody knows; but, hang it all! if a man don't mean anything by it, it's deuced hard lines on the girl."

It is strange that none of Mr. Norris's

tales have been dramatized. Many of his heroines supply the very rôle most fitted for Mrs. Kendal. Any one who has seen that admirable actress in "The Queen's Shilling" or the "Scrap of Paper" will recognize how perfectly she could play Linda Howard, or Stella Mowbray, or Mrs. Herbert. Here is a scene for Mrs. Kendal from "The Bachelor's Blunder." Mr. and Mrs. Herbert are really in love with each other; but Herbert, who is no longer young, does not believe that he has engaged her affections, and is content to wait till love may come. He carefully abstains from seeming to look for any signs of love from his wife till he may have won it, and she naturally mistakes his reasonableness for coldness. Dick is careful to avoid playing the part of the lover. To do so would seem to him unpardonable audacity. This is the scene:

There must be something very wrong about cats who refuse fish, Lord Mayors who do not care to accept a baronetcy, and women who have no love for jewels. She opened the velvet cases, giving utterance to little cries of delight, as, one after another, the glittering clusters and sprays of diamonds revealed themselves. "Oh Dick!" she exclaimed, "how lovely! Why did you not tell me I was going to have all these lovely things?"

"Because I wanted to have the pleasure of seeing you look as you are looking now," he answered.

With a sudden twinge of compunction she jumped up, pushed back her chair and laid both her hands upon her husband's arm, looking up into his face.

"Dick," she said, "am I generally very horrid? Am I cross and impatient without any reason?"

He replied — with that terrible truthfulness of his, "Well, you are rather — sometimes."

Possibly this may not have been the rejoinder that Hope anticipated or desired; for it did not seem to please her much, and her face grew graver. Presently, however, she smiled again, and remarked with apparent inconsequence, —

"Well, at any rate you must have been thinking a little about me when you ordered this pendant, because here are two H's intertwined and an anchor, which I suppose stands for Hope, and — what is that knot at the top, Dick?"

"It's — it's a sort of bowline," said Dick, departing for once from the path of strict veracity. . . . Hope's eyes glistened as she looked up at him.

"Dick," she said with a tremulous little laugh, "do you know that you are very funny? I am not sure that I can quite make you out; but — but I think I rather like you."

Pathos Mr. Norris uses sparingly, but with great judgment. He makes no at-

tempt at all to touch the feelings by the death of Margaret Stanniforth, who though very lovable is not beautiful, and is no longer young. And it must be remembered that Mr. Norris's heroines look plain when they are plain, unlike those of Rhoda Broughton, who, we are often assured, are downright ugly, yet fortunately for them it so happens that when any one, especially the hero, chances to direct his full orbs upon them, they look, though they by no means are, inexpressibly lovely. Their greenish eyes glow with the soft fire of deep violet, and their vivid tresses with the iridescent hues of amber sunlight. But Mr. Norris's heroines are not so lucky. When they are plain, they look plain, a fact in nature which our experience tends only too certainly to convert into a law. The death of Margaret was therefore perhaps not the fittest occasion for an appeal to the feelings, which respond most readily to the theme of

O, snatch'd away in beauty's bloom!

But the short death-scene in "*Mademoiselle de Mersac*" is deeply pathetic, by reason of the artistic contrast between death and the abundant strength and blooming girlhood which he indicates rather than describes in Jeanne, as skilfully as George Eliot makes us feel the glowing youth and rich sensuousness of Maggie Tulliver. This highly artistic faculty is well illustrated by the incident with the gazelle, of which Barrington (whose character is a very subtle study) writes to his friend:—

If ever you meet a beautiful girl with strong wrists, take my advice and buy a gazelle—or if you can't get a gazelle, perhaps a billy goat might do. Encourage the beast to charge at her, and teach her to catch him neatly by the horns when he is going full tilt. It will be worth ten times the money you have paid for him to see the picture the girl will make as she holds the struggling brute in a perfectly firm grasp, but without any unbecoming exertion.

The death of poor little vulgar, loving Fanny in "*No New Thing*," is also touching; and truly touching is the scene where M. de Fontvielle consigns Jeanne de Mersac to the care of Mr. Ashley, whose comic agony lest the demonstrative Frenchman should embrace him heightens by contrast the sadness of the simple old man's leave-taking: "I think," says Mr. Ashley at last, "if you'll excuse me a minute, I'll just run and buy a paper." It is, however, in "*My Friend Jim*" that Mr. Norris has put forth his best powers in

this department of artistic effect. When the Marquis of Staines revisits the Eton playing-fields and spends a long summer day in the scenes of his boyhood, the feelings of the broken-down old worldling are analyzed with a pathos which Thackeray could hardly have used more delicately. But by far his most touching scene is the death of little Lord Sunning, who is thrown from his pony in Rotten Row, having been allowed to stray by the selfish negligence of his mother, the detestable Hilda. We will conclude with this deeply pathetic passage:—

The poor little man was lying flat on his back where they had laid him. His cheeks were as white as marble, and his features were pinched and sharp; but of all the crowd of faces which I saw confusedly as I entered, his was the most cheerful. Sunning had his dog, a little blue Skye, on the bed beside him. He held out his left hand to me, for his right arm was crushed and powerless, and smiled. We had been friends, more so than I have had any occasion to mention in the course of this narrative, and I think he was glad to see me. He wished me to have the dog, he said, and I was to take him away with me, please, because he would not lie still much longer, "and he hasn't had his walk to-day." . . . His eyes kept wandering from one member of the group to another, but always rested longest on his father, whose broad shoulders were turned towards me, and whose elbow I touched at last, feeling sure that the boy wanted to speak to him. Bracknell wheeled round hastily, and dropped on his knees beside the bed.

"Yes, my boy," he said; "what is it?"

"Father," whispered Sunning, "you won't have Sheila shot, will you? I don't want Sheila to be shot."

His eyes grew very large and piteous, and there was a quiver about the corners of his mouth. No doubt he had had some experience of his father's passionate nature, and feared that in a fit of unreasoning fury he might take vengeance on the irresponsible cause of his son's death. But Bracknell said gruffly, "No, my boy; nobody shall harm her. I'll swear that."

Sunning gave a little sigh of relief, looked curiously at his father for a moment, and then turned his head towards Lord Staines, who was sitting on the other side of the bed, in a kind of nerveless stupor.

"Never mind, gran," he said; "it does not hurt. And then you're so awfully old, gran—you'll come soon."

After a time he beckoned to me, and put the dog in my arms. "Good-bye, Bluey," he whispered. The dog licked his face, and he patted its rough head, and then for the first time two great tears welled up into his eyes and flowed over. I bent over him and kissed him, and then I picked up the dog and went away. I had no right to intrude upon the

scene which I knew was at hand; and besides, to tell the truth, I could not bear it any longer.

Surely we have here a worthy successor to Thackeray and Sterne. The scene where Colonel Newcome says *Adsum* is certainly a more ambitious piece of description, and perhaps higher as a work of art; but neither it nor the classical death of Le Fevre is more fully penetrated with the spirit of true pathos than the piece we have quoted, nor as free from any approach to artificiality of sentiment. Indeed, for the combination of high literary qualities which Mr. Norris possesses—a pure, refined, and scholarly style, unaffected pathos, gentle cynicism, quiet strokes of humor, and stimulating *aperçus* of society—we must go back to the most eminent of his predecessors. We do not find in any of his contemporaries the same characteristics united in the same degree.

From Temple Bar.

SIR CHARLES DANVERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DANVERS JEWELS."

#### CHAPTER I.

"DEAR heart, Miss Ruth, my dear, now don't ye be a-going yet, and me that hasn't set eyes on ye this month and more, and as hardly hears a body speak from mornin' till night."

"Come, come, Mrs. Eccles, I am always finding people sitting here. I expect to see the latch go every minute."

"Well, and if they do, and some folks are always a-dropping in, and a-setting theirselves down, and a-clack-clacking till a body can't get a bit of peace! And the things they say! Eh! Miss Ruth, the things I have heard folks say, a-setting as it might be there, in poor Eccles his old chair by the chimney, as the Lord took him in."

To the uninitiated, Mrs. Eccles's allusion might have seemed to refer to photography. But Ruth knew better; a visitation from the Lord being synonymous in Slumberleigh parish with a fall from a ladder, a stroke of paralysis, or the midnight cart-wheel that disabled Brown when returning late from the Blue Dragon "not quite hisself."

"Lor!" resumed Mrs. Eccles, with an extensive sigh, "there's a deal of talk in the village now," glancing inquisitively at her visitor, "about him as succeeds to old Mr. Dare; but I never listen to their tales."

They made a pleasant contrast to each other, the neat old woman, with her shrewd spectacled eyes and active, hard-worked fingers, and the young girl, tranquil, graceful, sitting in the shadow, with her slender ungloved hands in her lap.

They were not sitting in the front parlor, because Ruth was an old acquaintance; but Mrs. Eccles *had* a front parlor—a front parlor with the bottled-up smell in it peculiar to front parlors; a parlor with a real mahogany table, on which photograph albums and a few select volumes were symmetrically arranged round an inkstand, nestling in a very choice wool-work mat; a parlor with wax flowers under glass shades on the mantelpiece, and an avalanche of paper roses and mixed paper herbs in the fireplace.

Ruth knew that sacred apartment well. She knew the name of each of the books; she had expressed a proper admiration for the wax flowers; she had heard, though she might have forgotten, for she was but young, the price of the "real Brussels" carpet, and so she might safely be permitted to sit in the kitchen, and watch Mrs. Eccles darning her son's socks.

I am almost afraid Ruth liked the kitchen best, with its tiled floor and patch of afternoon sun; with its tall clock in the corner, its line of straining geraniums in the low window-shelf, and its high mantelpiece crowned by two china dogs with red lozenges on them, holding baskets in their mouths.

"Yes, a deal of talk there is, but nobody rightly seems to know anything for certain," continued Mrs. Eccles, spreading out her hand in the heel of a fresh sock, and pouncing on a modest hole. "Ye see, we never gave a thought to *him*, with that great hearty Mr. George, his eldest brother, to succeed when the old gentleman went. And such a fine figure of a man in his clothes as poor Mr. George used to be, and such a favorite with his old uncle! And then to be took like that, horseback riding at polar, only six weeks after the old gentleman! But I can't hear as anybody's set eyes on his half-brother as comes in for the property now. He never came to Vandon in his uncle's lifetime. They say old Mr. Dare couldn't bide the French madam as his brother took when his first wife died—a foreigner, with black curls; it wasn't likely. He was always partial to Mr. George, and he took him up when his father died; but he never would have anything to say to this younger one, bein' nothin' in the world, so folks say, but half a French, and black, like his



mother. I wonder now ——” began Mrs. Eccles tentatively, with her usual love of information.

“I wonder now,” interposed Ruth quietly, “how the rheumatism is getting on? I saw you were in church on Sunday evening.”

“Yes, my dear,” began Mrs. Eccles, readily diverted to a subject of such interest as herself. “Yes, I always come to the evening service now, though I won’t deny as the rheumatics are very pinching at times. But, dear Lord! I never come up to the stalls near the chancel, so you ain’t likely to see me. To see them Harries always a-goin’ up to the very top, it does go agen me. I don’t say as it’s everybody as ought to take the lowest place. The Lord knows I’m not proud, but I won’t go into them chairs down by the font myself; but to see them Harries that to my certain knowledge hasn’t a bite of butchers’ meat in their heads but onst a week, a-settin’ theirselves up ——”

“Now, Mrs. Eccles, you know perfectly well all the seats are free in the evening.”

“And so they may be, Miss Ruth, my dear — and don’t ye be a-getting up yet — and good Christians, I’m sure, the quality are to abide it. And it did my heart good to hear the Honorable John preaching as he did in his new surplice (as Widdler Pegg always puts too much blue in the surplices to my thinking), all about rich and poor, and one with another. A beautiful sermon it was. But I wouldn’t come up like they Harries. There’s things as is suitable, and there’s things as is not. No, I keep to my own place; and I had to turn out old Bessie Pugh this very last Sunday night, as I found a-cocked up there, tho’ I was not a matter of five minutes late. Bessie Pugh always was one to take upon herself, and, as I often says to her, when I hear her a-goin’ on about free grace and the like, ‘Bessie,’ I says, ‘if I was a widdler on the parish, and not so much as a pig to fat up for Christmas, and coming to church reg’lar on Loaf Sunday, which it’s not that I ain’t sorry for ye, but I wouldn’t take upon myself, if I was you, to talk of things as I’d better leave to them as is beholden to nobody and pays their rent reg’lar.’ I’ve no patience —— But eh, dear Miss Ruth! look at that gentleman going down the road, and the dog too. Why, ye haven’t so much as got up. He’s gone. He was a foreigner, and no mistake. Why, good Lord! there he is coming back again. He’s seen me through the winder. Mercy on us! he’s opening the gate; he’s coming to the door.”

As she spoke, a shadow passed before the window, and some one knocked.

Mrs. Eccles hastily thrust her darning-needle into the front of her bodice, the general rendezvous of the pins and needles of the establishment, and proceeded to open the door and plant herself in front of it.

Ruth caught a glimpse of an erect, light-grey figure in the sunshine, surmounted by a brown face, and the lightest of light-grey hats. Close behind stood a black poodle of a dignified and self-engrossed deportment, wearing its body half shaved, but breaking out in ruffles round its paws, and a tuft at the end of a stiffly undemonstrative tail.

“The key of the church is kep’ at Joneses by the pump,” said Mrs. Eccles, in the brusque manner peculiar to the free-born Briton when brought in contact with a foreigner.

“Thank you, madam,” was the reply, in the most courteous of tones, and the grey hat was off in a moment, showing a very dark, cropped head, “but I do not look for the church. I only ask for the way to the house of the pastor, Mr. Alwynn.”

Mrs. Eccles gave full and comprehensive directions in a very high key, accompanied by much gesticulation, and then the grey hat was replaced, and the grey figure, followed by the black poodle, marched down the little garden path again, and disappeared from view.

Mrs. Eccles drew a long breath, and turned to her visitor again.

“Well, my dear, and did ye ever see the like of that? And his head, Miss Ruth! Did ye take note of his head? Not so much as a shadder of a parting. All the same all the way over; and asking the way to the rectory. Why, you ain’t never going yet? Well, good-bye, my dear, and God bless ye! And now,” soliloquized Mrs. Eccles, as Ruth finally escaped, “I may as well run across to Joneses, and see if *they* know anything about the gentleman, and if he’s put up at the inn.”

It was a glorious July afternoon, but it was hot. The roads were white, and the tall hedgerows grey with dust. A wagon-load of late hay, with a swarm of children just out from school careering round it, was coming up the road in a dim cloud of dust. Ruth, who had been undecided which way to take, beat a hasty retreat towards the churchyard, deciding that, if she must hesitate, to do so among cool tombstones in the shade. She glanced up at the church clock, as she selected her



tombstone under one of the many yew-trees in the old churchyard. Half past four, and already an inner voice was suggesting *tea!* To miss five-o'clock tea on a thirsty afternoon like this was not to be thought of for a moment. She had no intention of going back to tea at Atherstone, where she was staying with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Danvers. Two alternatives remained. Should she go to Slumberleigh Hall close by, and see the Thursbys, who she knew had all returned from London yesterday, or should she go across the fields to Slumberleigh Rectory, and have tea with Uncle John and Aunt Fanny?

She knew that Sir Charles Danvers, Ralph Danvers's eldest brother, was expected at Atherstone that afternoon. His aunt, Lady Mary Cunningham, was also staying there, partly with a view of meeting him. Ralph Danvers had not seen his brother, nor Lady Mary her nephew for some time, and, judging by the interest they seemed to feel in his visit, Ruth had determined not to interrupt a family meeting, in which she imagined she might be *de trop*.

"My fine tact," she thought, "will enable them to have a quiet talk among themselves till nearly dinner-time. But I must not neglect myself any longer. The hall is the nearest, and the drive is shady; but, to put against that, Mabel will insist on showing me her new gowns, and Mrs. Thursby will make her usual remarks about Aunt Fanny. No; in spite of that burning expanse of glebe, I will go to tea at the rectory. I have not seen Uncle John for a week, and—who knows?—perhaps Aunt Fanny may be out."

So the gloves were put on, the crisp white dress shaken out, the parasol put up, and Ruth took the narrow church path across the fields up to Slumberleigh Rectory.

For many years, since the death of her parents, Ruth Deyncourt had lived with her grandmother, a wealthy, witty, and wise old lady, whose house had been considered one of the pleasantest in London by those to whom pleasant houses are open.

Lady Deyncourt, a beauty in her youth, a beauty in middle life, a beauty in her old age, had seen and known all the marked men of the last two generations, and had reminiscences to tell which increased in point and flavor, like old wine, the longer they were kept. She had frequented as a girl the Miss Berrys' drawing-room, and people were wont to say that hers was the nearest approach to a *salon*

which remained after the Miss Berrys disappeared. She had married a grave politician, a rising man, whom she had pushed into a knighthood, and at one time into the ministry. If he had died before he could make her the wife of a premier, the disappointment had not been without its alleviations. She had never possessed much talent for domestic life, and, the yoke once removed, she had not felt the least inclination to take it upon herself again. As a widow, her way through life was one long triumphal procession. She had daughters, dull, tall, serious girls, with whom she had nothing in common, whom she educated well, brought out, laced in, and then married, one after another, relinquishing the last with the utmost cheerfulness, and refusing the condolences of friends on her lonely position with her usual frankness.

But her son, her only son, she had loved. He was like her, and understood her, and was at ease with her, as her daughters had never been. The trouble of her life was the death of her son. She got over it, as she got over everything; but when several years afterwards his widow, with whom, it is hardly necessary to say, she was not on speaking terms, suddenly died (being a faint-hearted, feeble creature), Lady Deyncourt immediately took possession of her grandchildren—a boy and two girls—and proceeded as far as in her lay to ruin the boy for life.

"A woman," she was apt to remark in after years, "is not intended by nature to manage any man except her husband. I am a warning to the mothers, aunts, and grandmothers, particularly the grandmothers, of the future. A husband is a sufficient field for the employment of a woman's whole energies. I went beyond my sphere, and I am punished."

And when Raymond Deyncourt finally disappeared in America for the last time, having been fished up therefrom on several occasions, each time in worse case than the last, she excommunicated him, and cheerfully altered her will, dividing the sixty thousand pounds she had it in her power to leave, between her two granddaughters, and letting the fact become known, with the result that Anna was married by the end of her second season; and if at the end of five seasons Ruth was still unmarried, she had, as Lady Deyncourt took care to inform people, no one to thank for it but herself.

But in reality, now that Anna was provided for, Lady Deyncourt was in no hurry to part with Ruth. She liked her as much

as it was possible for her to like any one — indeed, I think she even loved her in a way. She had taken but small notice of her while she was in the schoolroom, for she cared little about girls as a rule; but as she grew up tall, erect, with the pale, stately beauty of a lily, Lady Deyncourt's heart went out to her. None of her own daughters had been so distinguished-looking, so ornamental. Ruth's clothes always looked well on her, and she had a knack of entertaining people, and much taste in the arrangement of flowers. Though she had inherited the Deyncourt earnestness of character, together with their dark, serious eyes and a certain annoying rigidity as to right and wrong, these defects were counterbalanced by flashes of brightness and humor which reminded Lady Deyncourt of herself in her own brilliant youth, and inclined her to be lenient, when in her daughters' cases she would have been sarcastic. The old woman and the young one had been great friends, and not the less so perhaps because of a tacit understanding which existed between them that certain subjects should be avoided upon which, each instinctively felt, they were not likely to agree. And if the shrewd old woman of the world ever suspected the existence of a strength of will and depth of character in Ruth such as had in her own early life been a source of annoyance and perplexity to herself in her dealings with her husband, she was skilful enough to ignore any traces of it that showed themselves in her granddaughter, and thus avoided those collisions of will, the result of which she felt might have been doubtful.

And so Ruth had lived a life full of varied interests and among interesting people, and had been waked up suddenly in a grey and frosted dawn to find that chapter of her life closed. Lady Deyncourt, who never thought of travelling without her maid and footman, suddenly went on a long journey alone one wild January morning, starting without any previous preparation for a land in which she had never professed much interest heretofore. It seemed a pity that she should have to die when she had so thoroughly acquired the art of living, with little trouble to herself, and much pleasure to others; but so it was.

And then in Ruth's confused remembrance of what followed, all the world seemed to have turned to black and grey. There was no color anywhere, where all had been color before. Miles of black cloth and crape seemed to extend before

her; black horses came and stamped black hoof-marks in the snow before the door. Endless arrangements had to be made, endless letters to be written. Something was carried heavily downstairs all in black, scoring the wall at the turn on the stairs in a way which would have annoyed Lady Deyncourt exceedingly if she had been there to see it, but she had left several days before it happened. The last pale shadow of the kind, gay little grandmother was gone from the great front bedroom up-stairs. Mr. Alwynn, one of Ruth's uncles, came up from the country and went to the funeral, and took Ruth away afterwards. Her own sister Anna was abroad with her husband, her brother Raymond had not been heard of for years. As she drove away from the house, and looked up at the windows with wide tearless eyes, she suddenly realized that this departure was final, that there would be no coming back, no home left for her in the familiar rooms where she and another had lived so long together.

Mr. Alwynn was by her side in the carriage, patting her cold hands and telling her not to cry, which she felt no inclination to do; and then, seeing the blank pallor in her face, he suddenly found himself fumbling for his own pocket handkerchief.

#### CHAPTER II.

ON this particular July afternoon, Mr. Alwynn, or, as his parishioners called him, "the Honorable John," was sitting in his armchair in the little drawing-room of Slumberleigh Rectory. Mrs. Honorable John was pouring out tea; and here, once and for all, let it be known that meals, particularly five-o'clock tea, will occupy a large place in this chronicle, not because of any importance especially attaching to them, but because in the country, at least in Slumberleigh, the day is not divided by hours but by the meals that take place therein, and to write of Slumberleigh and its inhabitants with disregard to their divisions of time is "impossible, and cannot be done."

So I repeat boldly, Mr. and Mrs. Alwynn were at tea. They were alone together, for they had no children, and Ruth Deyncourt, who had been living with them since her grandmother's death in the winter, was now staying with her cousin, Mrs. Ralph Danvers, at Atherstone, a couple of miles away.

If it had occasionally crossed Mr. Alwynn's mind during the last few months that he would have liked to have a daugh-

ter like Ruth, he had kept the sentiment to himself, as he did most sentiments in the company of his wife, who, while she complained of his habit of silence, made up for it nobly herself at all times and in all places. It had often been the subject of vague wonder among his friends, and even at times to Mr. Alwynn himself, how he had come to marry "Fanny, my love." Mr. Alwynn dearly loved peace and quiet, but these dwelt not under the same roof with Mrs. Alwynn. Nay, I even believe, if the truth were known, he liked order and tidiness, judging by the exact arrangement of his own study, and the rueful glances he sometimes cast at the litter of wools and letters on the newspaper table, and the gay garden hats and goloshes, hidden but not concealed, under the drawing-room sofa. Conversation about the dearneess of butchers' meat and the enormities of servants palled upon him, I think, after a time, but he had taken his wife's style of conversation for better for worse when he took her gaily dressed self under those ominous conditions, and he never showed impatience. He loved his wife, but I think it grieved him when smart-colored glass vases were strewn among the cherished bits of old china and enamel which his soul loved. He did not like chromo-lithographs or the framed photographs, which Mrs. Alwynn called her "momentums of travel," among his rare old prints either. He bore them, but after their arrival in company with large and inappropriate nails, and especially after the cut-glass candlesticks appeared on the drawing-room chimney-piece, he ceased to make his little occasional purchases of old china and old silver. The curiosity shops knew him no more, or if he still at times brought home some treasure in his hat-box on his return from Convocation, it was unpacked and examined in private, and a little place was made for it among the old Chelsea figures on the bookcase in his study, which had stood ever since he had inherited them from his father on the drawing-room mantelpiece, but had been silently removed when a pair of comic china elephants playing on violins had appeared in their midst.

Mr. Alwynn sighed a little when he looked at them this afternoon, and shook his head; for had he not brought back in his empty soup tin an old earthenware cow of Dutch extraction which he had long coveted on the shelf of a parishioner? He had bought it very dear, for when in all his life had he ever bought anything

cheap? And now, as he was tenderly wiping a suspicion of beef-tea off it, he wondered, as he looked round his study, where he could put it. Not among the old Oriental china, where bits of Wedgwood had already elbowed in for want of room elsewhere. Among his Lowestoft cups and saucers? Never. He would rather not have it than see it there. He had a vision of a certain bracket, discarded from the hall, and put aside by his careful hands in the lowest drawer of the cupboard by the window, in which he kept little stores of nails and string and brown paper, among which "Fanny, my love" performed fearful ravages when minded to tie up a parcel.

Mr. Alwynn nailed up the bracket under an old etching, and placed the cow thereon, and, after contemplating it over his spectacles, went into the drawing-room to tea with his wife.

Mrs. Alwynn was a stout, florid, good-humored-looking woman, with a battered fringe, considerably younger than her husband in appearance, and with a tendency to bright colors in dress.

"Barnes is very poorly, my dear," said Mr. Alwynn, patiently fishing out one of the lumps of sugar which his wife had put in his tea. He took one lump, but she took two herself, and consequently always gave him two. "I should say a little strong soup would —"

At this juncture the front door-bell rang, and a moment afterwards "Mr. Dare" was announced.

The erect, light-grey figure which had awakened the curiosity of Mrs. Eccles came in close behind the servant. Mrs. Alwynn received a deep bow in return for her look of astonishment; and then, with an eager exclamation, the visitor had seized both Mr. Alwynn's hands, regardless of the neatly folded slice of bread-and-butter in one of them, and was shaking them cordially.

Mr. Alwynn looked for a moment as astonished as his wife, and the blank, deprecating glance he cast at his visitor showed that he was at a loss.

The latter let go his hands and spread his own out with a sudden gesture.

"Ah! you do not know me," he said, speaking rapidly; "it is twenty years ago, and you have forgotten. You do not remember Alfred Dare, the little boy whom you saw last in sailing costume, the little boy for whom you cut the whistles, the son of your old friend, Henry Dare?"

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Mr. Alwynn, with a sudden flash of memory.

"Henry's other son! I remember now. It is Alfred, and I remember the whistles too. You have your mother's eyes. And, of course, you have come to Vandon now that your poor brother — We have all been wondering when you would turn up. My dear boy, I remember you perfectly now; but it is a long time ago, and you have changed very much."

"Between eight years and twenty-eight there is a great step," replied Dare, with a brilliant smile. "How could I expect that you should remember all at once? But *you* are not changed. I knew you the first moment. It is the same kind, good face which I remember well."

Mr. Alwynn blushed a faint blush, which any word of praise could always call up; and then, reminded of the presence of Mrs. Alwynn by a short cough, which that lady always had in readiness wherewith to recall him to a sense of duty, he turned to her and introduced Dare.

Dare made another beautiful bow; and while he accepted a cup of tea from Mrs. Alwynn, Mr. Alwynn had time to look attentively at him with his mild grey eyes. He was a slight, active-looking young man of middle height, decidedly un-English in appearance and manner, with dark, roving eyes, moustaches very much twirled up, and a lean brown face that was exceedingly handsome in a style to which Mr. Alwynn was not accustomed.

And this was Henry Dare's second son, the son by his French wife, who had been brought up abroad, of whom no one had ever heard or cared to hear, who had now succeeded, by his half-brother's sudden death, to Vandon, a property adjoining Slumberleigh.

The eager foreign face was becoming familiar to Mr. Alwynn. Dare was like his mother; but he sat exactly as Mr. Alwynn had seen his father sit many a time in that very chair. The attitude was the same. Ah! but that flourish of the brown hands! How unlike anything Henry would have done! And those sudden movements! He was roused by Dare turning quickly to him again.

"I am telling Mrs. Alwynn of my journey here," he began; "of how I miss my train; of how I miss my carriage, sent to meet me from the inn; of how I walk on foot up the long hills; and when I get there, they think I am no longer coming. I arrived only last night at Vandon. Today I walk over to see my old friend at Slumberleigh."

Dare leaned forward, laying the tips of his fingers lightly against his breast.

"You seem to have had a good deal of walking," said Mr. Alwynn, rather taken aback, but anxious to be cordial; "but, at any rate, you will not walk back. You must stay the night now you are here, mustn't he, Fanny?"

Dare was delighted — beaming. Then his face became overcast. His eyebrows went up. He shook his head. Mr. and Mrs. Alwynn were most kind — but — he became more and more dejected — a bag, a simple valise —

It could be sent for.

Ah! Mr. Alwynn was too good. He revived again. He showed his even white teeth. He was about to resume his tea, when suddenly a tall white figure came lightly in through the open French window, and a clear voice began, —

"Oh, Uncle John, there is such a heathen of a black poodle making excavations in the flower-beds! Do —"

Ruth stopped suddenly as her eyes fell upon the stranger. Dare rose instinctively.

"This is Mr. Dare, Ruth," said Mr. Alwynn. "He has just arrived at Vandon."

Ruth bowed. Dare surpassed himself, and was silent.

All his smiles and flow of small talk had suddenly deserted him. He began patting his dog, which had followed Ruth in-doors, and a moment of constraint fell upon the little party.

"She is shy," said Dare to himself. "She is adorably shy."

Ruth's quiet, self-possessed voice dispelled that pleasing illusion.

"I have had a very exhausting afternoon with Mrs. Eccles, Aunt Fanny, and I have come to you for a cup of tea before I go back to Atherstone."

"Why did you walk so far this hot afternoon, my dear; and how are Mrs. Danvers and Lady Mary; and is any one else staying there; and, my dear, *are* the dolls finished?"

"They are," said Ruth. "They are all outrageously fashionable. Even Molly is satisfied. There is to be a school-feast here to-morrow," she added, turning to Dare, who appeared bewildered at the turn the conversation was taking. "All our energies for the last fortnight have been brought to bear on dolls. We have been dressing dolls, morning, noon, and night."

"When is it to be, this school-feast?" said Dare eagerly. "I will buy one, three dolls."

After a lengthy explanation from Mrs.



Alwynn as to the nature of a school-feast as distinct from a bazaar, Ruth rose to go, and Mr. Alwynn offered to accompany her part of the way.

"And so that is the new Mr. Dare about whom we have all been speculating," she said, as they strolled across the fields together. "He is not like his half-brother."

"No; he seems to be entirely a Frenchman. You see, he was educated abroad, and that makes a great difference. He was a very nice little boy twenty years ago. I hope he will turn out well, and do his duty by the place."

The neighboring property of Vandon, with its tumbledown cottages, its neglected people, and hard agent, were often in Mr. Alwynn's thoughts.

"Oh, Uncle John, he will, he must! You must help him and advise," said Ruth eagerly. "He ought to stay and live on the place, and look into things for himself."

"I am afraid he will be poor," said Mr. Alwynn meditatively.

"Anyhow, he will be richer than he was before," urged Ruth, "and it is his duty to do something for his own people."

When Ruth had said it was a duty, she imagined, like many another young soul before her, that nothing remained to be said, having yet to learn how much beside often remained to be done.

"We shall see," said Mr. Alwynn, who had seen something of his fellow-creatures; and they walked on together in silence.

The person whose duty Ruth had been discussing so freely, looked after the two retreating figures till they disappeared, and then turned to Mrs. Alwynn.

"You and Mr. Alwynn also go to the school-feast to-morrow?"

Mrs. Alwynn, a little nettled, explained that of course she went, that it was her *own* school-feast, that Mrs. Thursby at the hall had nothing to do with it. (Dare did not know who Mrs. Thursby was, but he listened with great attention.) She, Mrs. Alwynn, gave it herself. Her own cook, who had been with her five years, made the cakes, and her own donkey-cart conveyed the same to the field where the repast was held.

"Miss Deyncourt, will she be there?" asked Dare.

Mrs. Alwynn explained that all the neighborhood, including the Thursbys, would be there; that she made a point of asking the Thursbys.

"I also will come," said Dare gravely.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### BIRDS OF PREY.

BIRDS of prey are objects of interest and consideration from three widely different points of view — the gamekeeper's, the bird-collector's, and the true naturalist's.

Very few gamekeepers are naturalists, although one might suppose their calling would have the effect of making them very keen ones. Now and again a keen and intelligent observer is to be found in that fraternity, but he is the exception. As a rule he is prejudiced against all birds of prey, as was his father before him; he considers it his duty to kill anything he thinks to be injurious to the creatures committed to his charge, and he discharges that duty with zeal, although many of his nailed-up collection of birds were guiltless of some of the mischief attributed to them. Sometimes, too, I have seen amongst them specimens in a state of decay which would have fetched him a good day's pay had he been aware of their market value. The bird-collector is wiser so far as that is concerned. He knows the exact market value of the creature he requires, and exactly where to place or dispose of it when procured. We have all seen and admired collections belonging to men of means; well set up by artists the birds often are; for a man must be an artist to be able to make a dead creature appear truly lifelike. And over the trim cases with their labels in Latin and English, the gun with which their owner is supposed to have shot them may be seen suspended on the wall. No doubt some were shot as the visitor is led to suppose; but my pleasure in several such collections is often disturbed by the remembrance of a gaunt, hollow-eyed man with a hacking cough which was never cured, in scanty, dilapidated clothing, and shoes much the worse for wear. His gun was rust-eaten, but it was a very sure one in his hands. Peregrine, or bittern, heron and rail, all fell before his aim. He had one terrible weakness, however, poor fellow — he drank too freely, and whenever he had procured a good specimen his money went freely too.

When he had anything good his steps were always bent in the direction of the collections aforementioned. The poor fellow is dead now; a fit of coughing, which caused the rupture of a blood-vessel, ended his life. Silver shot never fails in killing, be the bird what it may.

If the wholesale and, from our standpoint, wanton destruction of the most interesting class of our British birds con-



tinues, those who like to observe them in their native haunts may have to go a long distance to do so. In many localities where they were once numerous not a single specimen can now be discovered, to the sorrow of the true naturalist, who believes that no creature was created in vain; each one has its own work and place in the Great Father's universe.

On the list of raptorial birds, the first by right is the golden eagle, a noble and very powerful bird. Sportsmen naturalists have described him and his habits accurately; St. John, Colquhoun, and the Highland keepers of the deer forests, besides that practical and reliable authority, Macgillivray. This eagle is a bird of the mountains; he does not often leave the rocks for any other purpose than a foray for food. My acquaintance with him has only been in a state of captivity. Even in that condition, unfavorable as it is to the development of his faculties, I have seen enough of his courageous spirit and enormous power of muscle to give him plenty of elbow-room. With his master or keeper he may get on a friendly footing, but even then his mood is not to be relied on; his fierce nature will break through and manifest itself dangerously at times, and it will never be safe for a stranger to get very near him. Chained to a stand he may be, but if the chain is as long as it ought to be, it will give him the opportunity of showing some of his capabilities.

The sea eagle has also been described by the above writers. With this bird I am better acquainted. He has sometimes visited the rabbit-links near the seashore close to my home, and lost his life by so doing, for no device was left untried by the warrener in order to compass the grand bird's death. His fee for that business was a guinea. The sea eagle is a trifle larger than the golden eagle, and not so neat in his build; in fact there is something of the look of the vulture about him. He wanders further afield; it is when his plumage is immature, and the tail brown instead of white, as is the case when the plumage is perfect, that he is confused with his nobler relative. When seen side by side the difference is great. The golden eagle has a compact, muscular form and close plumage, a hawk-like bill, his legs are covered as far as the toes with feathers, and the toes, with the exception of a few large scales next the claws, are covered with small scales. The sea eagle is more lumpish in form, and his plumage is looser; his bill is long, and decidedly vulture-like in form, but power-

ful. His legs are covered with scales instead of feathers, and large scales cover the toes also; his tail is white. It is impossible to make a mistake between the two birds at any period, if one single trait is remembered, namely that the golden eagle is feathered down to the toes, whereas the sea eagle's legs are covered with large scales.

I have seen the sea eagle when his temper was roused; he was a fine fellow then; the feathers on his head were raised, and the hackled feathers on his neck bluffed out, his body in a crouching position, and his wings working ready for a spring. His appearance then, combined with his yelp, gave one notice in very plain language that it would be wise to quit and give him room to get better tempered. The two that the warrener shot did not die without a fierce struggle, for they were only hit in the wing.

In a state of captivity the sea eagle is as little to be trusted as the golden, especially when out of temper. It is pleasant to know that at the present time a few gentlemen who have large properties where both species are found have given strict orders for the protection of these noble birds; and so the greatest ornaments of the mountain-side and the dizzy sea-cliff may yet be saved from extermination. A price has been set on their heads for many years, and a good one too, but not from any protective point of view so far as the deer forests are concerned, but because they have been in demand as ornaments to decorate the halls of sportsmen, or such as were ambitious of being considered sportsmen. Forty years ago they were, comparatively speaking, unmolested. In 1832, however, Maxwell's "Wild Sports of the West" appeared, followed in 1844 by that author's "Sports and Adventures." In the same year Charles St. John's "Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands" came out, and after that "The Moor and the Loch," by John Colquhoun. These works all contain truthful and graphic descriptions of the wild creatures in their native haunts amidst the grand scenery of Scotland and Ireland. More particularly to Scotland was the interest directed, and deer forests rose in value to figures never before looked for. Things were done also in the way of moving whole families with their sheep and wild Highland cattle in order that these forests might be left in possession of the red deer and the golden eagle, which would sound strange if told now.

Any sportsman who had killed a red deer, stag with royal antlers, a golden eagle, seal and salmon, was entitled to the full honors of the hunter's badge. The first-named two gave him the privilege of ranking among the first order of sportsmen.

It was noticed that after the appearance of the works I have mentioned stuffed eagles or their heads, with the heads and antlers of the red deer, were indispensable decorations of a gentleman's hall if he made any pretensions to be a sportsman. Some there were who could by no means lay claim to that title, but whose walls were well covered with trophies notwithstanding. I have a very vivid recollection of such a one. He had money and a fine house, and, to do him justice, he was certainly much given to hospitality. He lived in rather a lonely district, and the few there were to visit him were somewhat unsophisticated. He was a man of taste so far as color was concerned, and the walls of his hall would have satisfied the fastidious taste of the present day, with their soft greenish-grey tint and dado of polished oak. A few stained-glass windows gave a rich touch to the whole. On the walls, on oak shields, were hung trophies of the chase; on a stand in the centre of the hall was a fine eagle well set up. Fronting the entrance door, in the place of honor, were a magnificent pair of antlers, whereon hangs a tale.

After dinner, where the wines were good and generous, he would invite his guest or guests to look at what he termed his wild-beast show. He was a most genial showman, and always took pains that everything should be made plain to the most limited capacity of mind. When he got in front of that fine pair of antlers he would look up at them and say, "Ah! well do I remember the day when the stag that carried those noble antlers fell to my rifle on the rugged heights of the mighty Ben Voirras. Though mortally wounded, he did not fall at once, but came to bay in a most determined manner near a huge fragment of rock. My gallant Oscar, a deerhound of undaunted courage, was killed on the spot—in attempting to pull him down—by one terrific stroke from those antlers. Poor Oscar! I have never been able to replace him. Sadly dispirited, I was compelled to leave both—as evening was near—until the following morning. Just as day broke over the mountaintops, with a couple of gillies I arrived at the spot, and found that monarch of the clouds which you see over there standing

on the body of the dead stag. To level my rifle and fire was the work of a moment; and he fell dead to the shot. They are fine trophies, each in their way. You will observe that the eagle is a grand old bird, for the winters and summers of nearly one hundred years, at the least computation, have bleached the feathers of his noble head white."

When the reader is informed that the noble pair of horns were those of the wapiti, the elk of North America, and that the eagle was the white-headed eagle from the same country, he will certainly give the owner of those priceless trophies the credit of a very fine and poetical imagination. The fact was, the whole collection was purchased. The last time I had the pleasure of looking it over the owner was telling a mild and succulent-looking individual of an encounter he once had with a gigantic African elephant, the skull of which he possessed with a fine pair of tusks in it; and he was in the full swing of his narrative.

"Ah well, yes, my dear sir; I must allow that nerve is required, and a certain amount of coolness too, in that sort of encounter. As you observe, a man must have his wits about him; but you soon get used to that kind of thing, my dear sir, you soon get used to it. I had lost sight of him, you see, in the dense jungle, and I could not for the life of me tell whether my first shot had told on him. These creatures, huge in bulk as they are, move noiselessly, and conceal themselves in the most cunning manner. The one whose skull we have before us was an instance of that; for before I knew anything of his whereabouts he crashed out of the jungle and made straight for me, his trunk uplifted and trumpeting most fiercely. There was no time to lose. Throwing my rifle up, I aimed at one of his eyes; the shot told, for it entered his brain, and he fell with a mighty crash almost at my feet."

According to Eastern tradition, it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back. I fled from the presence of that mighty hunter, for I knew the skull had been bought in Wardour Street.

To return to our birds of prey, the noble jerfalcon is only a rare visitor of ours; and when he is seen it is only, as a rule, in a state of immature plumage. Why he has not been used so much as the peregrines we do not know. At the time "Falconer's Favorites" was published, he was not with them, and that work states that all the falcons used in falconry at that date were represented in the volume. I

once had the pleasure of seeing a grand female jerfalcon; quite white she was. The man who carried her had a crimson hawking-glove, richly embroidered, on his hand; it showed off her pure plumage to great advantage. She was not hooded, and merely held by the jesses attached to her legs. She sat very composedly as he carried her through the main street of a small fishing village. I fancy she had been flown in the marshes close at hand. It seems to me people were not so inquisitive in those days as they are now; the boys were certainly not so noisy, and her tranquillity was not rudely disturbed by them.

The peregrine ranks with the jer in the falconer's estimation. He is certainly a more tractable bird to deal with than the jer; he is better known, and, from what I have been able to gather, is preferred to the jer by those who are competent to judge. As to his depredations on the grouse moors, that is a matter of opinion about equally balanced. There are as many for him as against him just now. My own vote is in his favor. I would let him and others have free range over all the grouse moors in the kingdom. When so-called wise men try to improve natural laws, they generally make a bungle of it. I know it to be a fact that in some remote districts rarely visited, and not preserved in any way, where eagles, peregrines, and other members of the tribe are common, the grouse are strong and in good packs; and that dread scourge of the moors, the disease in grouse, is not known.

The peregrine is also in request for natural-history purposes, and he fetches a good price, as one can tell from the number one sees set up.

That beautiful falcon, the hobby—a peregrine in miniature—is rarely seen. From my own slight acquaintance with the bird, I should say he is more confined to certain localities than the other falcons. Well-timbered districts, partially surrounded by meadow lands, are his favorite hunting-grounds, but when seen he ought certainly to be made a note of, for he is a most uncommon bird, even in suitable localities.

That dashing little fellow, the merlin, or stone-hawk—a pigmy falcon in comparison with others of his family—frequents the moorlands, and prefers the northern counties to the southern ones. If he is small, yet his courage is high, for he will kill birds you would not think him capable of mastering. I have found the small falcons and the sparrow-hawk show

a decided preference for birds of the finch tribe. The hobby and the merlin will kill the skylark, and, when hunger pinches, any bird they can master; but from choice they prefer finches when they can get them.

The orange-legged hobby is very rare; it can only be classed as a very occasional visitant.

Last on the list of falcons is the neat-looking kestrel, or wind-fanner, which is as well known to the country children as the cuckoo is. "Look at he fannin' away up there; don't he winner just about," you will hear them say sometimes. I know him thoroughly well, both in a wild and a domesticated state. He makes a nice pet, for he does not attack your hands ferociously with bill and claws as some of the others do, and when he is in full feather, as one looks at him, perched on one's finger, he is a handsome-looking bird—a true falcon, every inch of him, although some writers have placed him on the lower form. A great deal has been written about him to little purpose. I am sure of one thing—he had in times past the honor of being carried on the fist for hawking purposes. He is a good mouse-hunter, but it must be remembered it is not always a mouse that he clutches when he drops down. His diet, like that of the other members of his tribe, is a varied one. It is a convenient way of settling the question to say that certain of these birds of prey confine their pursuit almost exclusively to a few creatures of a particular class; and probably it is satisfactory to those who state it to be so. That the kestrel does a great amount of good, no one well acquainted with him and his habits would doubt for a moment; but the time comes round when mice are to be found few and far between, and the lizard has gone to ground; and then he must have something else.

A curious thing about the mouse tribe is that there is sure to be a very abundant supply where they are not wanted. Just now, although I am living in the heart of the country, surrounded by woods and fields, I am not able to procure mice for one of my pets, although I have offered to pay a penny a head for them. The men that thresh the stacks out with their threshing-machines have been enlisted in this service, but to no purpose. I went to one lately, as a forlorn hope, but he said: "I ain't had no luck, master; I wishes I had, for 'tis a rare price to offer for 'em, an' our job is a dusty one, so a drop o' beer comes oncommon handy to the likes

o' us, I can tell ye. No, we ain't had no luck at all; you'd hardly believe it, but the last lot o' stacks as we thrashed lately, there warn't a mouse or a rat in them. As to traps, they ain't no good this time o' year."

I have proved that, and not to my satisfaction in this case, for I want mice badly.

What the kestrel does at certain times is to take toll from the large flocks of birds that congregate in the fields late in the autumn, when the acorns are falling, and the beech-mast lies thick on the ground. The wood-pigeons come then in flocks for their provender; the outskirts of the woods bordering on the bare fields are their favorite feeding-grounds. They are good birds for the table where their feed is good, and they fetch a fair price in the market. Some of the men who can be trusted not to meddle with ground game, nor to get into the covers, get permission from the farmers to shoot all they can on their grounds—leaving a brace or two now and then for the owner's use when required.

That most wary bird, the wood-pigeon, is decoyed within shot in this way. Close to the edge of the wood a rough shelter is made, looking much like a heap of copse trimming, thrown together in as scrambling or loose a fashion as possible. In a line with it, and within reach of the man's heavy gun, a little corn is dropped—just enough to make a show—Indian corn, also peas. About midway, or perhaps not quite so far, a tame wood-pigeon is secured by a string tied round one of his legs, and fastened to a peg in the ground. Food is placed there, and water given him; and then the shooter gets into his hiding-place. There will have been a frost in the night, probably, the sky is clear and bright, the air bracing, and there is a light breeze, causing the faded leaves to fall in showers of varied tints all round. The decoy bird is very comfortable—the position is not new to him; he walks about as far as his tether will allow him, bows his head, struts, and coos. Here comes a flock for their breakfast; they see him, and know by the bird's movements that food is there. After a ring-round, they pitch, and begin to walk up to him. Now they have found the food; nearer they come, they are within range. Bang! three brace lie dead on the field.

Gathering up his birds, the man places himself in hiding again, and the bird, perfectly unconcerned, presently goes through his performance again for the allurements of another flock.

And now another actor appears on the scene, flashing out into the field like a brown streak, and striking the decoy. It is a sharp stroke and an effective one, for the bird falls over on his side, dead. Recovering himself in the turn, the hawk swoops down on his victim. Once more a shot is heard, and the hawk, too, is dead. Muttering unheard-of blessings backwards on the author of the mischief, the shooter finds, when he reaches the spot, a male kestrel, which, although quite dead, still grasps tightly in one of his claws the head of the decoy bird, which he had taken off clean when he swooped down.

A pigeon-shooter I knew well used a stuffed wood-pigeon, fastened to a piece of board, as a decoy. This bird was once pounced on by a female kestrel, and she clattered off with it over the stubble. Another of her family joined her, and the pair fought like furies for the dummy pigeon. He shot both at one shot; they were not knocked about, the stuffed pigeon received the brunt of the charge, and was, to use the man's own expression, "completely ruined between 'em." The other choice morsels of the kestrel are turkey poulters of some considerable size, the young of pheasants and partridges, and young chickens and ducklings. I have seen it stated in very positive terms that he is almost guiltless of bird slaughter. That may be so where there *are* no birds—perhaps such places are to be found—though I do not know of any. The kestrel will single a pewit out from a flock, chase him in grand form, and kill him. I admire him greatly, but he is certainly a bird-slaughterer.

That fine bird the goshawk is almost extinct in this country now; he was common enough once. According to the old works on falconry the very qualities which made him highly prized in those days have been the cause of his destruction in modern times. He is a bird of most determined disposition, large and powerful. Hares, rabbits, grouse, and other creatures of the woods, moors, hillsides, and heaths, found in him a most ferocious enemy. He looks exactly what he is, a freebooter. Those I have had the opportunity of observing were brought over from the Continent, where the woods and forests are more suited to his particular method of capture than ours are. He is very swift for a short chase; in comparison, that is, with the flight of the jer and the peregrine falcons. He has a knack of striking sideways at his quarry, so as to catch it under



the side of the wing when in full flight; a most deadly kind of proceeding. Hares he grapples and clings to with the grip of a vice. Puss may jump and rush with frantic, mad calls of "Aunt! aunt! aunt!" — the cry of the hare in fear and pain — but it is to small purpose, for the fierce bird bites at the back of the neck, and it is all over. Sometimes if the hare is near thick cover the hawk gets the worst of it, for she rushes into thick stuff and the hawk is knocked off and has a job to get free from the tangle. He is in use at the present time by the few gentlemen who have revived the ancient sport of falconry.

Next on our list comes that dwarf of a goshawk, the well-known sparrow-hawk. If any one curious in the matter will compare them together, he will see at a glance how very like they are in all points with the exception of size; their habits and hunting localities are very similar too. In one point they differ; the goshawk being very rare, whilst the sparrow-hawk is a very common bird. You will find him about everywhere, and certainly more free than welcome.

It is feeding-time for the poultry at the farm which lies snugly between the hills and close to the woods. What a commotion! The geese sound their cackling trumpets, ducks quack, the guinea-fowls scream "Come back! come back!" turkeys gobble, and the hens cackle, while their lord and master, bold chanticleer, claps his wings and crows his loudest. Master Hawk has heard the row as he was hunting for his early evening meal, and he intends if possible to profit by it. He does not come flying up openly, for caution is very necessary here; but he glides from tree to tree and along hedgerows, until he perches on one of the boughs of an old ash close to the trunk, that leans over the cart-shed in the yard.

Here comes the dame calling to her feathered charges. What a fluttering ensues! She gets the hens that have chicks just in front of her, and then she begins to feed, throwing first to the larger poultry behind. Very choice the old dame is about her chicks, for they are the last she will have this season. They are a nice size now and strong, and she can reckon on a nice little sum when she sells them as fine spring chickens in the beginning of the year. She calls them her pretty creeturs, and praises their mother, as they run about her feet, for doing so well by them. Swish! comes something, almost brushing the old lady's nose. A chick is clutched from before her very feet, and

that something in the shape of a sparrow-hawk is away again.

"Drat that 'ere thing! If I don't knock the life out on it!" Dropping the remaining food she grasps the broom that is lying close to her, and brandishes it about in a very warlike manner. That the hawk is now half a mile away is no matter to her; she is taking imaginary vengeance, and giving tongue in fine style at the top of her voice. "Father! father! are ye deaf? Don't ye hear me calling ye?"

"Yes, I kin hear ye, 'twud be a wonder if I didn't. What in the name o' airthly goodness be the matter with ye?"

"That 'ere varmint have snapped up another o' them 'ere chicks; there's nearly four shillin's gone; leastways I should ha' had it. 'Tis clear ruin, that it is. Why in the name o' mischief don't ye shoot the dratted thing? But there ain't a bit o' good talking, for that 'ere old gun o' yours as ye talks so much on at times wants a week's notice give her before she goes off."

"Well, dame, there be other things besides the old gun as don't go off; for I ain't heard that 'ere scrub broom go off with a bang yet, though ye did shoulder it so mighty perky like. No, it ain't gone off with a bang yet, or I'd ha' heard it."

"Now, don't ye, father, run on in that 'ere maudlin, aggrewatin' way, as if second childishness had got ye by the nose, or you'll riz my wool up, an' git a bit o' my mind, so I tell ye."

"Well, I dunno as that 'ud be an unusual treat, seein' I gits it pretty often as 'tis."

"Keeper shall shoot the varmint; I'll git him to do it."

"Ay, he shot one before, leastways he showed ye one, an' you asked him in, an' giv' him a tumbler o' that old mead. Arter that I took notes as he'd allus got a sparrow-hawk that he'd shot on this 'ere bit o' a farm. They was allus either comin' to it or goin' from it, one or t'other; 'twas curious what a lot on 'em there was about all the time that 'ere mead lasted. When the stone bottle giv' out there warn't one to be sin about for love or money. No, dame, 'tain't very often as I makes up my mind to hev' my own way, but when I does I has it, and that 'ere keeper don't shoot no more hawks here. There's on'y this 'un comes, an' the wust he kin do is to snapper a chick; certin sure I be he can't drink a gallon o' old mead. Tell ye what, I'll get shepherd's lad to snap him, he's mortal clever at that sort o' thing, an' I'll pay him fur doin' it. He'll have him, an'



he wun't want to git roun' ye fur any old mead."

The sparrow-hawk is certainly a sad plague to the poultry yard. If there is a pigeon-cote in it and the female hunts with him, the birds will not escape very easily.

As pets I can say but little in their favor. I had a pair — good specimens of their tribe — but they caused a little bother at times. They had first-class appetites, and if their wants were not attended to promptly, shriek on shriek would follow in quick succession, rousing other folks besides my wife and myself. Now and again we received gentle intimations from our neighbors that if people kept hawks they had better feed them and not let them yell with hunger. These hints did not disturb me, for my birds were well fed and never neglected in any way. Sometimes the pair pounced on my hand when I introduced it into their cage with a bird and some meat. If only one portion went in, there would be a fight and awful yelling. They would never be credited with the power they have in their slim-looking legs and toes. It is certainly a case of tooth and nail with them.

The sparrow-hawk is a bold, courageous bird when at liberty, and he has a most evil temper when in confinement. It is most annoying to find that he will perch on your finger one moment — a clean, compact, bright-looking bird — and the next he will fall backwards, a frantic yelling heap of feathers, hanging and flapping by the jesses on his legs.

My two had a particular weakness for doing mischief. The last escapade on the part of the female caused me to give them their liberty. My near neighbor cultivated flowers; he had some very choice ones and a splendid show of them; his little conservatory was a mass of blooms. One unlucky morning, when I was making some little alterations in her jesses, she dashed off and away, out of sight like a flash. Before I could guess where she had got to, we heard a voice calling most earnestly to us to come and catch something. The door of my neighbor's little paradise was open, the morning being warm, and the feathered evil had dashed in. Before I could reach the place she had done a great amount of damage, for finding herself in close quarters she had dashed about and cut with her strong wings in all directions, fuchsias, geraniums, carnations, and lilies, completely ruining them for the season. Words are inadequate to express the look on the face

of their injured owner. "Catch her, will you, as quick as you can!" Then he added in a grievous voice, "I don't think I *could* keep anything that might annoy a neighbor."

I could say nothing in reply, for he had certainly just cause for anger. After a skirmish the bird was caught, and, tossing her into the air, I recommended her to make tracks for a warmer climate. Then I begged to be allowed to make good to my neighbor the damage the bird had done, but he behaved generously and declined that. "No," he said; "you have got rid of her and are going to let the other loose when you go in, so we will not say any more about the matter. I do not think you will regret them, from the noise I have heard them make at times."

I quite agreed with him; as pets I had found them a failure.

The common buzzard, puttock, mousehawk, or mole-catcher, all which names are given to the same bird, might be more properly called the *uncommon* buzzard. When on the wing he is a very imposing-looking bird. When seen at a distance he has occasionally been taken for an eagle — even by those who ought to be acquainted with the birds of prey. If tamed he is sociable and amusing, when kindly treated. A noble-looking bird I consider him, but I have seen fine specimens stuffed out of all shape by local bird and animal preservers. The mothers that hatched them would tear them in pieces as abortions could they see them. I feel I have borne much in this way, but really when my attention has been directed to a case about the size of a small chest of drawers, containing a buzzard sitting on the same branch with a wood-pigeon, beneath them a teal faced by a squirrel with a white tail, and then right in front, in the place of honor, a dropical cock-pheasant with a white stoat looking up at him in a most amiable manner, the whole decorated with tufts of dyed reed, grasses, and everlasting flowers, my wrath has burst all bounds; I have bestowed anything but a benediction, and departed.

A man would have to take a pretty long railway journey nowadays before he could get sight of a buzzard, unless he were satisfied with looking at one in the Zoological Gardens. In the wildest parts of the forest lands of Sussex he might possibly find one. They know him in Somerset, and expect to see him on the downs and in the hollows just before rain comes; for then the moles heave in all directions, and

the buzzard watches their mounds until a mole heaves close to the top, then grips him. He is a clever bird, so is his relation, the rough-legged buzzard. I give my notes upon the whole tribe we are now considering, not from any scientific point of view, but simply from my own personal acquaintance and observation.

The rough-legged buzzard looks like a small eagle. I am at a loss to understand why some have called these birds ignoble; he certainly does not look it when he has a rabbit in his claws. The rabbit, by the way, seems to have come to the front with a rush. I can remember the time when you could have your pick of the best at the rate of three for one shilling, and customers were hard to find even at that price. They were looked on as mere vermin. And at that time the two buzzards above named were to be found on the same estate. A kite, too, once located on it, and was shot; his forked tail brought him into notice. He is a bird of the past as far as England is concerned. At the time of migration, which is performed more or less by the whole tribe, a solitary one might be seen, but very rarely. Even in Scotland he is rare, and when trapped or shot his fine tail is eagerly sought for by fly-fishers as a most important item in the manufacture of salmon-flies. I have seen them in captivity as pets; their owner told me he found them gentle birds. They had been sent to him from the Continent.

The harrier comes next. Why he should be called a harrier I do not know, for he does not persecute the objects he feeds on more than the other raptors. The name has been given them, however, and it sticks to them. I know the marsh and the hen harriers best. Never were two birds more unlike than are the male and female hen-harrier. The male has a grey and white plumage, which makes him, when in the act of flying, look very like a gull, and his flapping kind of flight increases the likeness. He can move as quickly as a dart when he thinks fit to do so. The female has a brown-colored plumage of different shades, and her tail is barred sometimes. They hunt in couples, pointer fashion, and at other times singly. A grouse would very surely come to grief if either male or female caught sight of him. By the word grouse I mean black game, male or female. At one time I should have doubted that fact, but the longer folks live the more they will see if they keep their eyes open. One evening, tramping over a moor, I rose a hen-harrier

from a grey hen that he had just finished picking. It was the female of the black-cock. The ranger shot him the same evening, and to my disgust nailed him up in such a manner that he was ruined as a specimen. He had not been hurt by the shot in a way to disfigure him at all, but there he was, on the shed, spread-eagled, one nail through his head and one through each of his wings. "I reckon he'll bide where I've put him, mister," he said, as I looked at him.

The marsh harrier, or duck-hawk of the marshmen, is to be found in the marshes. Other birds of prey are to be seen there, but the duck-hawk is conspicuous above the rest by his size and flight. Visit the grey-green flats when the sun is glimmering through the mist, his form will be seen gliding here, there, and everywhere. Woe betide duck, coot, moorhen, or young hare that comes in his clutch, for he is hunting for his breakfast. At midday you will find him high up in the clear blue sky which is flecked here and there with light, fleecy clouds.

Large cattle and sheep, peculiar at one time to the marshlands, are dotted all over the great level flats. In the distance can be seen the sails of vessels which seem in places to be sailing right over the marsh. Reed-stacks are scattered about, looking like hay-stacks when seen from afar. The dome-shaped objects near at hand are the halves of fishing-smacks; some are too old for use, others have been confiscated for smuggling, sawn asunder, and sold. These are used by the watchers of the marshes as temporary abiding-places when the cattle require watching in case the floods are expected, or when the weather is more than usually severe. They also serve the purpose of concealment for the long-shore shooters when fowl are on the flats, for the watchers thatch them over roughly with reeds. The word fowl, of course, includes geese and ducks of all kinds. All waders are styled hen-footed fowl, and to the hen-footed tribe the duck-hawk directs much of his attention, for they are excellent eating as a rule. A coot or moorhen is good eating from my point of view, let alone the plovers and curlews. When ducks and teal come on the flats for the season, then he is busy. Ducks are on the marshes all the year round, and breed there. The young ducks, called "flappers," are nearly as large as their parents, and very tender. If the duck-hawk can catch one out of the reeds, he interviews him at once; but winter is the best time for that — the early

part of it, if not too severe, for the ducks do not desert the marshes then for the coast, as they will do in the hard weather.

Winter has set in, and the fowl are on the flats, flying in various directions; so is our hawk. Here comes a spring of teal that a watcher has just put up from a reedy dyke as he crossed the plank bridge with some fodder for the sheep on his back. The hawk rings round and manages to come in the nick of time for him. He takes one moment, just behind them, to recover position. There he goes, he is in the middle of them, and comes out with a teal in his claws.

Francis Barlow, the English painter who was born in the moist country of Lincolnshire, and died in 1702, has left behind him some grand pictures of bird life in the marshes. I have gazed at one of them I know, in a private collection, for hours. The size of the canvas, to the best of my recollection, is about twelve feet by ten. The painting represents a marsh harrier dashing into a team of wild ducks. They are painted to the life. These sportsmen painters know what they are about when they take the pencil in hand. Francis Barlow must also have been a most accurate observer, for the bird represented is in the adult plumage.

Some might take positive exception to the statement that a marsh harrier has been seen on the flats so late as the early winter months, for the bird is considered by some to be a regular migrant; others believe him to be only partially one. They must settle that among themselves. Most birds move or migrate more or less. They may leave one portion of a county, and you might think there was not a single one to be found; and then you will accidentally come on them in great numbers in some corner of that same county.

There have been long discussions about the changes in his plumage. Why do not the people interested in that matter keep them as pets? That would soon settle the question.

All the birds of prey are some time in arriving at full plumage, and even then they do not retain it all for any length of time. Fresh feathers, a few at a time, are always replacing old ones. If such were not the case the birds would starve, for how could they manage to exist if they moulted like other birds? It must be remembered they have to get their living by pursuing other creatures. It is a rare thing not to find stub feathers somewhere about a hawk or an owl when you shoot it, if you examine his plumage.

With regard to the stay or departure of certain classes of birds, you cannot take the particular set time which has been laid down for them as a rule for granted; for instance, the common red-winged thrush or redwing, the Norwegian nightingale, I know, has been found in full song, perched on a willow hanging over a mill-pool, within five minutes' walk of a town, long after his race had been generally supposed to have gone for the season.

To see the duck-hawk at his best, go to the flats after a scorching midsummer day when a thunderstorm is coming up. Most creatures feed sharp before a storm, and he is not an exception to the rule. Heavy dim clouds have gathered, and the sun throws a flash of brilliant light low down over a portion of the marsh lands. The sails of the vessels show brightly as they sail into the light, and are lost in the shadow when they pass out of it. There is more than an hour before the sun sinks, and the storm is not yet near—it is only coming up. Making for a wide, shallow pool, surrounded by the vegetation peculiar to the salt tide flats, we sit down between two old mole-hills and look about us. Close to the edge of the pool some pewits are dabbling and splashing, while further out wild ducks are swimming, the young ones nearly as large as their mothers. One or two herons are flapping over to some fishing-ground they know of; and a couple of terns are dip, dip, dipping up and down all over the pool, making circling ripples that shine low down like golden rings in the light. The whole makes a quiet and very interesting picture; but its tranquillity is soon disturbed, for the marsh harrier sweeps over the flats, tips over the flags, almost brushing them with his wings, and pounces at the ducks. Quack, quack, sing out the old ones, their heads flat on the water and their eyes looking all ways at once, whilst they strike the water up in a shower with their wings. The flappers give tongue as well, and try to dive; but the water where they have been dabbling is too shallow for them to do it effectually. The hawk clutches one by the tail and lifts him clear off the water. The tail comes out, and down goes the poor flapper with a squattering splash. The others have scuttled to cover, and this unfortunate one tries to do the same by flapping over the surface. The hawk has recovered position again, and the feathers are released from his grasp to come floating down on the water. With a dipping pounce he comes for the poor thing just as it is close to cover, grips it between

the shoulders, and has it for supper. The terns, although quite able to baffle the intruder by their shuttlecock flight, have vanished at the top of their speed, and the pewits also have gone to finish their toilet elsewhere. Not far away, however, for we can hear them calling uneasily to each other, and soon they rise from the ground by twos and threes with a short, jerky spring, to settle again directly.

The reason for their restlessness is soon apparent, for overhead is the mate of the harrier that captured the flapper. Lower down comes she, just over the pewits. They can bear it no longer; up they start, in a tumbling, hurry-scurry flight, flying close to the ground, and screaming like mad things. It is no use; she makes a dash at one of the outsiders, and grips him under the wing. Pewit—pewit—pewit! and all is quiet; for, like her mate, she has her supper.

Where there is plenty and to spare, a trifle is not missed. At one time those teeming marshes had a far greater supply of fish, flesh, and fowl than there was any demand for; and no one ever thought of trapping or shooting any of the birds of prey that hunted there, unless they happened to be in request as specimens by friends of the well-to-do farmers and graziers who rented the marshes. My feeling on the matter is such that, if large tracts of land of any kind, whether cultivated or not, were under my own supervision, I would not have one of the whole tribe injured. They should hunt, kill, and range scot free.

Game-preservers may have different views on the subject. When nearly all the creatures not game are classed as vermin, it is just possible to make a mistake and overlook something far more dangerous close at hand.

The harriers are more owl-like about the head than the rest of the raptorial birds we have mentioned. They look like a link between the owls and the hawks. Of Montagu's harrier I can only say that it is a rare bird, and the same of the honey buzzard, for I have seen only a single specimen, and that was a dead one, which was under the hands of a bird-preserver.

History informs us that owls were regarded with a feeling of superstitious awe, as a rule, by the nations of old. They were certainly considered birds of omen, generally evil. The feeling exists still, more or less, amongst certain classes and in certain localities. To make a pet of one I have found quite enough to cause a man to be set down as a peculiar being.

"What a pity some people have not something better to employ their spare time in than talking to a winking, blinking owl!" is one of the milder remarks I have survived in my character of a lover of some birds which are not usually regarded with affection. I plead guilty to a feeling of admiration for the most quaint, and in my opinion the most intelligent, members of that family of the birds of prey which we call owls.

The eagle owl, or grand duke, as he is named sometimes, is certainly the prince of his tribe in his native land; here he is only a rare visitant. He preys on hares, rabbits, and grouse—the great wood-grouse, or capercaillie, included; also on the other smaller creatures of the forest. He is a bird of grand aspect and great muscular power. When seen in this country it is because he has been driven out of his course by contrary gales. Some very remarkable instances of birds coming to grief in this manner have fallen under my own observation. He will live and thrive in captivity with ordinary care and attention. One fine fellow I knew had a very great affection for his master, who had much spare time on his hands, and gave a great deal of it to his bird. He was well repaid for his attention. How the rustic population used to stare when he walked through the place with the grand owl perched on his wrist, and still more when he drove through with his favorite perched on the seat beside him! Many a wrinkled and mob-capped dame and grey old father would wag their heads after he had passed, and say, "'Tain't natural nohow; can't be, 'tain't in reason. Tell ye what, 'tis a permiliar sperrit o' some sort. Mussy oh alive! did ye ever!" For anything I know to the contrary, that bird is still living.

A gentleman I knew made pets of eagle owls. He had a fine place to keep them in; all that could be desired it was. There was also a man kept specially to look after these birds. I had no idea of this, or I might have hesitated when invited by the owner to look at them before giving advice as to their management. A fine commotion I made by so doing. I heard all about it later on. The man sent a message to the keeper, saying he wanted to see him at once.

"Has anything broke loose this mornin', or is a elephant comin' to live in one o' them cages, as you wants to see me so perticklar?" he asked, when he came in answer to the owl-caretaker's hasty summons.



"No, we ain't got to keepin' elephants just yet," was the reply, "though we may get to that pitch in course o' time—there's no sayin', for there's some wild boars comin', that's certain. But what do ye think, I've got orders for ye to ketch a hare an' bring it here by twelve o'clock."

"What for?"

"Why, for these 'ere owls."

"'Tain't to be done. Master can have a dead 'un; an' that's a lot too good fur them goblin things."

"Well, you knows your own business, I s'pose. I kin just tell him what you say on the pint."

"Don't you be a fool; you won't do nothing o' the sort. Do you think as I wants to lose my place?"

"Well, by the way you spoke I thought you warn't perticklar about it. You just look thear—you see them fresh perches, them pine boughs with the bark on, and that thear lump o' dry sifted drift sand?"

"Well, I see that. What do ye mean?"

"It means as I've took care to hev it all right, as he's told me to hev it done. He's had some one here that he's heard about to look at em."

"Oh, has he? Nobody o' any count, I lay a shillin'. I should just like to fall in with him."

"I dunno about that; the under-butler knowed him a little, leastways he'd heard on him; an' from what I could get at, he's one o' that 'ere sort as you'd better fall in than fall out with. An' it wud be handy not to forgit, as he come here as a visitor to the master."

"And what's that lump of sand for?"

"That's for 'em to dust in, same as fowls do to clean their feathers."

"Well, if ever I heard anything so lunnaticky as that! Owls rollin' in sand to clean theirselves, like a charcoal-burner's jack-ass! Well, I s'pose the hare must be got, so here's off. The chaps must get the nets pitched an' drive. But as for one o' them owls killin' a hare! Ha! ha!"

True to the time the keeper arrived with the hare. The owls had not been fed that morning. "Where's the master?" he asked.

"He's had to go out, but he left word as you was to stop an' see 'em kill that hare."

"Then I reckons as my old ooman 'ull think I've gone an' listed for a sodger, if she don't see me afore that takes place."

"They've bin at that sand an' they've scuffled like mad in it, an' made it fly all over the place; so that 'un warn't fur out o' his reckning. Don't ye think ye'd

better let that hare have a look at 'em now?"

"One o' them owls, nor two on 'em for that matter, wun't kill him; but here goes, 'twill soon be proved one way or t'other."

Both were on the alert as the hare dashed from one side to the other. The female pounced on him from her perch and killed him, and the pair ate him between them.

Then their keeper chaffed the gamekeeper right well. "Are ye goin' to wait and-see master?" he finished up with.

"No, I ain't time, for the pheasant-coops wants lookin' arter; ye kin tell him all about that 'ere go yourself."

Exit gamekeeper.

That splendid bird, the snowy owl, only visits England when driven by stress of weather. At one time he was a native of the Orkney and Shetland Islands. Adult birds, and young ones that had barely left the nest, were frequently met with in past times; I am not prepared to say what may be the case now. At the first glance the snow owl and the jerrfalcon might easily be mistaken the one for the other, so far as size and plumage are concerned, if both were seen together, and they both inhabit the cold regions; where one is found the other will be. The snow owl is a bird of lighter make than the eagle owl, and his flight is more hawklike. Daylight does not affect him, for in his native wilds he hunts by day. He preys on hares, grouse, etc., like the eagle owl. The ruff or facial disk is hardly to be seen. There is far more of the falcon than the owl in his appearance. He is prized, living and dead; and although he is a very determined and dashing hunter when in a wild state, yet when captured, if properly treated, he will be as docile as a white pigeon. This is all I can say of him, speaking from personal experience.

The beautiful white owl is probably to be seen wherever an old grey church tower stands, and is, as some one else has said, the High Churchman of his tribe.

When white owls were many and boys were few, I have known them to be quite at home in our own grand old church, close by the sea, and a long way from the town—a very long mile in fact. Service was held there only once a week at that time. The presence of the white owls did not put any one out, for the church was large, the population small, and there was room for all. Their positions were quaint enough at times, and yet their fancies seemed to me to be quaint still. Sometimes an owl



would be seen sitting on the sill of one of the windows, gravely examining one of the saints pictured in the fine old stained glass. Then again you might see one resting on the helmet of some long-defunct old nobleman. The plumes that once adorned it had crumbled to dust, but it was graced once again for a brief space by the pure plumage of the white owl. And more than once have I seen one gravely considering the Ten Commandments. In fact they flew all over the place and all over the people too.

The sermons were never of the fire and brimstone description; the people there were not supposed to do anything wrong save smuggling; and in that they were all interested to a greater or less degree in those days. The glebe-farm, with its barns, and large, well-filled stockyards, was close to the church. Wheat and oats, peas and beans, were not threshed by machinery at that time, and the owls found plenty of food in and about the farmyard, and a sanctuary in the church. The fisher lads who used to come home over the downs when the boats had not been able to make the harbor tide, would whistle and keep close to one another when they left the open downs and entered that long narrow stretch of graveyard.

I have seen it many a time by moonlight when the great walnut-trees threw fantastic shadows over the graves and upon the long path, a large portion of the yard lying in the mass of shadow thrown by the church; in the distance a weird flash of water, the open sea. The hiss and snore peculiar to the owls, with their surroundings, gave the old churchyard the reputation of being haunted. And so it was at certain times, for on dark, gusty nights, when the branches creaked and ground against each other, and the old fishing crones who sat huddled up round the fire said to one another that the devil was blowing the dust out of his street-door key and getting cross over it, the churchyard would be haunted by the living. The owls on such nights screamed their loudest, and ghostly-looking figures would glide through, each carrying a burden. They moved swiftly and silently, the burden being a tub which had come from Holland.

To all who cultivate the land in any form white owls are valuable allies, and ought not to be killed or driven away from any spot where they make a settlement. As a rule farmers recognize the fact that they are their friends, and they will not let them be molested when they are found in or around the farm buildings. A sense-

less freak of fashion has lately set a price on their heads. It ought to be discounted.

The brown owl is a bird of the woods. He is a sturdy fellow, and a powerful one considering his size. The keeper shows his feelings towards him by a charge of shot when he has the chance, for he has a bad name. If all the accusations preferred against him were true, they would prove him to be capable of miraculous feats. I have known him to be credited with unlimited mischief, such as it would be impossible for him to do. When in confinement he takes things very easily. A feathered philosopher of the Epicurean school he is, for he eats, drinks, and sleeps to his heart's content. He is not so particular in his diet as the white owl. Almost any animal food will suit him, provided there is enough of it. His food when in a wild state consists of any birds or animals he can capture. It is the brown owl more than any other that hoots; he makes the woods echo with his hoo-hoo! hoo-hoo!

The long-eared owl is also a bird of the woods, but lighter in make. He preys on nearly the same creatures as the brown owl.

The short-eared owl is smaller, but very like his nearest relative. He prefers marshes and rough, broken, rushy ground, and he will fly about and catch his food in the daytime.

The hawk owl, scop-eared or little-horned owl, and mottled owl can only be spoken of as visitors, few and far between.

The little owl, last on our list, is one of these rare visitors. He is well named, for he is the mannikin of his tribe; well-shaped, active, and good-tempered, he is a great favorite on the Continent, for he makes a most amusing pet. The Dutchmen are considered to be a stolid, serious people, but under that gravity there must be a strong undercurrent of humor, or they would surely not choose the little owl as a pet and companion. I have one of my own, and I set him down as a bird of priceless value, for he has the power to make me laugh when I should be least in the mood for it.

In the exquisitely finished pictures of the Dutch masters you will see him represented; and we all know that the domestic life of Holland is faithfully depicted on those panels and canvases. Jan Steen and Teniers have introduced him into their paintings. In the painting of "The Jealous Wife," for instance, there is the little owl perched on the window shutter,

contemplating that aged man holding sweet converse with a young woman, presumably his niece. The old woman, his wife, has got her head in at the opening, and she also is taking in the scene most wrathfully. In the earlier ages, when paintings served the purpose of books, bird life was frequently depicted. Ancient and modern art have both drawn attention to owls, and the poor birds have often got more of it than suited them.

My own bird is at liberty. This he uses to the very best of his ability, making the third member in our small house. He is by no means the least important, for he claims and receives the greatest attention at meal times. He steps from his perch on to the hand, sits on the place appointed for him, and chatters all the time it is in progress. Sometimes, by way of a change, he will run about inspecting all things; he is very swift of foot and most inquisitive. Very affectionate too, he shows that plainly. He is about more in the daytime than in the evening or night, and he will sit in the full light of the sun; all through the hot summer of 1887 he has done so as a matter of choice. His food consists of mice of all kinds, birds of the finch tribe, old and young. Starlings, blackbirds, and thrushes he will not eat, nor insects such as chaffers and others of a similar kind; he will not even look at them. It is not always possible to procure birds and mice for him; then he will content himself with tender, lean beef, quite fresh. He is so particular in that matter, though, that he will not eat fresh pork. He seldom drinks water, and never uses it for the purpose of washing, preferring to roll and scratch about in a lump of drift sand like a domestic fowl. In fine feather he is now, and he keeps himself beautifully clean. His legs are long, and he uses his toes and claws with the dexterity of a monkey; in fact, when at his little games he is more like a little monkey than an owl. His conversation, kept up continually, is a croon and chatter, and when in high glee he will puff the feathers of his throat out and look intently at me with his bright yellow eyes, and treat us with a solo sounding like the gobble of some unfortunate turkey. If I ask him as a particular favor to change that tune, he will give us a succession of shrill barks like a terrier. He roars like a little tiger when his dignity is ruffled, and squeaks like a pig. This does not occur very often, and when it does the fault is my own. It generally happens when he is introduced to strangers, which he hates. As a rule he is most amiable.

If I wanted to cure a man of melancholy and never-smiling grief, I would present him with a little owl, the Punchinello of his tribe.

Perhaps it is because owls are birds of night that their good qualities are not appreciated. They are active and most intelligent beings. In the strictly nocturnal ones there is much difference in their bearing by night and by day. The bird that is seen drawing his wing over his body like a shield—a mere dazed lump of feathers, when the sun is shining—leaves his hiding-place and steps forth as bold and brave as an eagle in the light of the moon.

From Temple Bar.

MR. DISRAELI.

IN TWO PARTS.

#### PART II.

DISRAELI returned to England in the summer of 1831, his health greatly improved by his travel. "I am in famous condition," he writes on the day after his arrival; "indeed, better than I ever was in my life, full of hope and courage." He set to work on "Contarini Fleming," in which he utilized his travel lore, and worked up, without improving, some of the passages which after these many years have seen the light in the "Home Letters." He was now a young person of some consequence, a favorite in society, where he was petted by the ladies and somewhat uneasily laughed at by the men. The Countess of Blessington took him up, and at her house one evening N. P. Willis, the American letter-writer, found him and thus described him:—

Disraeli had arrived before me, and sat in the deep window, looking out upon Hyde Park, with the last rays of daylight reflected from the gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly embroidered waistcoat. Patent leather pumps, a white stick, with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him, even in the dim light, a conspicuous object. Disraeli has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. He is lividly pale, and but for the energy of his action and the strength of his lungs, would seem to be a victim to consumption. His eye is as black as Erebus, and has the most mocking, lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness, and when he has burst forth, as he does constantly, with a particularly successful cataract of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that

would be worthy of a Mephistopheles. His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick, heavy mass of jet-black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, while on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously —

With thy incomparable oil, Macassar!

Jefferson, a later writer, adds a no less graphic picture: —

He was [he writes] an egregious dandy. Foppery, to an extreme of extravagance, was the mode with lads thirty years ago, but he outstripped every one of his competitors in personal adornment. At this day, matrons of fashion recall the graces, the separate trappings, and the entire appearance of Disraeli the younger as he made his first essay in the great world — his ringlets of silken black hair, his flashing eyes, his effeminate air and lisping voice, his dress coat of black velvet lined with white satin, his white kid gloves, with his wrist surmounted by a long hanging fringe of black silk, and his ivory cane, of which the handle inlaid with gold, was relieved by more black silk in the shape of a tassel.

The correspondence of John Lothrop Motley, just published, incidentally furnishes another, and not less striking description of Disraeli's personal appearance at this epoch. It is drawn by Lady Dufferin, mother of the Marquis of Dufferin and Avá, who thus describes the author of "Vivian Grey," whom she met at a dinner-party: —

He wore a black velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band running down the outside seam, a scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles falling down to the tips of his fingers, white gloves with several brilliant rings outside them, and long black ringlets rippling down upon his shoulders.

Mr. Motley adds: —

It seemed impossible that such a Guy Fawkes could have been tolerated in any society. This audacity, which has proved more perennial than brass, was always the solid foundation of his character. Lady Dufferin told him, however, that he made a fool of himself by appearing in such fantastic shape, and he afterwards modified his costume, but he was never to be put down.

Mr. Willis supplements his sketch of Disraeli's personal appearance with a description of his power of conversation which shows the impression he made upon a casual observer: —

I might as well attempt to gather up the foam of the sea as to convey an idea of the extraordinary language in which he clothed his description. There were at least five

words in every sentence that must have been very much astonished at the use they were put to; and yet no others apparently could so well have conveyed his idea. He talked like a racehorse approaching the winning-post, every muscle in action, and the utmost energy of expression flung out into every burst.

In a supplementary volume of letters addressed to "My dear Sa," but widely differing from those of the 1830 epoch, Disraeli charms his sister with off-hand references to the high circles in which he at this time moved. On the 18th of February, 1832, he writes: —

We had a very brilliant reunion at Bulwer's last night. Among the notables were Lords Strangford and Mulgrave, with the latter of whom I had a great deal of conversation; Count D'Orsay, the famous Parisian dandy; there was a large sprinkling of blues — Lady Morgan, Mrs. Norton, L. E. L., etc. Bulwer came up to me and said, "There is one blue who insists upon an introduction." "Oh, my dear fellow, I cannot really, the power of repartee has deserted me." "I have pledged myself, you must come;" so he led me up to a very sumptuous personage, looking like a full-blown rose — Mrs. Gore. I avoided L. E. L., who looked the very personification of Brompton, pink satin dress and white satin shoes, red cheeks, snub nose, and her hair à la Sappho.

His head was swimming with vanity and conceit. One May night in 1832, he dines at Elliot's, "a male party consisting of eight." He cannot be bored to mention the names of the whole eight, but Peel was certainly there and was most gracious.

He is a very great man, indeed, and they all seem afraid of him. I can easily conceive that he could be very disagreeable, but yesterday he was in a most condescending mood, and unbent with becoming haughtiness. I reminded him by my dignified familiarity both that he was ex-minister and I a present radical.

Visiting the House of Commons on the 7th of February, 1833: —

I heard Macaulay's best speech, Sheil and Charles Grant. Macaulay admirable, but between ourselves I could floor them all. This *entre nous*; I was never more confident of anything than that I could carry everything before me in that House. The time will come.

But the political field was not the only one where the now middle-aged youth was, in his own opinion, supreme. Writing from Southend, February 15th, 1834, he says: —

I hunted the other part with Sir Henry Smyth's hounds, and, although not in pink, was the best mounted man in the field, riding

an Arabian mare which I nearly killed. A run of thirty miles and I stopped at nothing.

June 19th, 1834:—

To-night I am going to the Duchess of Hamilton's. I have had great successes in society this year. I am as popular with the dandies as I am hated by the second-rate men. I make my way easily in the highest set where there is no envy, malice, etc., and where they like to admire and be amused.

November 4th, 1834:—

I saw Chandos (afterwards Duke of Buckingham) to-day, and had a long conversation with him on politics. He has no head, but I flatter myself I opened his mind a little.

Towards the end of 1835, he gets into controversy with the *Globe*, which had tartly reviewed "A Vindication of the English Constitution" Disraeli had modestly published. He replied to the strictures of the *Globe* in the columns of the *Times*, on which he writes to his sister:—

The letters to the *Times* have made a great sensation. I am the first individual who has silenced the press with its own weapons. The *Chronicle* is quite silent. The writers in the paper are known, and they absolutely fear being shown up by me.

In February, 1839, being then a member of the House of Commons, and having already made his mark, he writes:—

I dined at Peel's, and came late, having mistaken the hour. I found some twenty-five gentlemen grubbing in solemn silence. I threw a shot over the table, set them going, and in time they became even noisy.

It is the same in the House of Commons:—

Never heard a more entertaining debate (February 28th, 1839). Duncan's drollery imitable. Though I had not intended to speak, and had not even my notes in my pocket, he animated me, and though full figged in costume, I rose with several men at the same time. But the House called for me, and I spoke with great effect amid loud cheering and laughter. Supposed to have settled question.

He created an immense sensation on accompanying other members of the House of Commons to present an address to the queen on her marriage. "As a whole, the House was very brilliant in costume, but it was generally agreed that I am never to wear any other but a court costume, being according to Ossulston a very Charles the Second."

The ceremonies in connection with the queen's ascension to the throne were not without personal embarrassment to Dis-

raeli. It was all very well to say that he must never wear anything but a court dress, but a court dress usually includes trousers, and "on going to the coronation in a uniform that involved the wearing of shorts and stockings, it turned out that I had a very fine leg, which I never knew before."

Perhaps one of Disraeli's greatest triumphs of personal charm and fascination was gained over Louis XVIII., whom he visited at the Tuileries at the end of 1842. So complete was his triumph over his Majesty that other people were somewhat inconvenienced.

I was the only stranger among sixty guests. Dinner was immediately announced, the King leading out the Queen of Sardinia, and there were so many ladies that an Italian princess, duchess, or countess fell to my share. We dined in the Gallery of Diana, one of the *chefs d'œuvre* of Louis XVI. In the evening the King personally showed the Tuileries to the Queen of Sardinia, and the first lady-in-waiting invited me, and so did the King, to join the party, *only eight*. It is rare to make the tour of a palace with a king for the cicerone. In the evening there was a reception of a few individuals, but I should have withdrawn had not the King addressed me and maintained a long conversation. He walked into an adjoining room, and motioned to me to seat myself on the same sofa. While we conversed, the chamberlain occasionally entered and announced guests. "S. A. le Prince de Ligne," the new ambassador of Belgium. "J'arrive," responded his Majesty very impatiently, but he never moved. At last even majesty was obliged to move, but he signified his wish that I should attend the palace in the evenings. I am the *only* stranger who has been received at Court. There is no Court at present, on account of the death of the Duke of Orleans; and the Ailesburys, Stanhopes, and Russian princes cannot obtain a reception. The King speaks of me to many with great *kudos*.\*

But these were the frivolities of youth, the froth beaten up by an active mind and a brilliant fancy. When Disraeli entered the House of Commons as a stranger, and instinctively compared his own capabilities with the seasoned efforts of older men, he was very serious indeed, and felt that "the time would come." He had always looked to the House of Commons as the proper field for his energies and talents, and in the midsummer of 1832 made his first essay at Wycombe. At this period, being, as Charles Greville wrote of him two years later, "a mighty impartial personage," he had, upon full consideration

\* The italics here and elsewhere in quotations from the Correspondence are the ardent letter-writer's.



of the circumstances of the hour and place, determined to present himself to the electors of Wycombe under the Radical banner.

At a subsequent period, not far distant, the young politician formally came out as a Tory, a party with which to the day of his death his fortunes were united. This circumstance has led to some controversy as to his precise position when he first wooed the suffrages of Wycombe. All doubt on this point is disposed of by a letter addressed to Mr. Austen, published for the first time in the *Quarterly Review* of January, 1889.

I have just received a despatch from Wycombe [Disraeli writes], informing me that the crisis has commenced. I must go down, declare and canvass. Baring is my opponent. . . . I start on the high Radical interest, and take down strong recommendatory epistles from O'Connell, Hume, Burdett, and *hoc genus*. Toryism is worn out, and I cannot condescend to be a Whig.

The recommendatory epistles were plain enough. O'Connell warmly upholds the candidate, "convinced of the great advantages the cause of genuine reform would obtain from his return." Joseph Hume writes:—

I hope the Reformers will rally round you who entertain Liberal opinions in every branch of Government and are prepared to pledge yourself to support Reform and Economy in every department.

There was a very lively canvass and an agitated polling, the result of which reads like an anti-climax. At the close of the poll Colonel Grey had twenty-three votes, and Disraeli twelve. It is gravely added, "There were two more to poll in the Grey interest."

In the official statement of the poll, in the letters of O'Connell and Hume, the name of the candidate for Wycombe is spelt D'Israeli. But at this time, as letters *passim* show, the son of Isaac D'Israeli had adopted the less Jewish form of orthography which he subsequently made famous. In a letter to his sister, dated the 7th of April, 1832, he complacently quotes a couplet from the *Omnibus*, a cheap literary satirical paper of the day, which gives an alphabetical poetical list of authors:—

*I* is Israeli, a man of great gumption,  
To leave out the *D* is a piece of assumption.

In August, 1832, Parliament was dissolved, and on the 1st of October in the same year, Benjamin Disraeli, dating from Bradenham House, issued a new address

to the electors of Wycombe. It is noteworthy that in this evidently well-considered and admirably written address the young Disraeli declared for the ballot, for triennial Parliaments, for cheap education, for retrenchment, for the improvement of the condition of the working classes, and, generally, for reform. The concluding paragraph strikes with curious fidelity the very notes of another appeal to the electors put forth forty years later under vastly different circumstances. Here we have the very ring of the famous letter addressed by Mr. Disraeli on the eve of the Bath election in 1873 to Lord Grey de Wilton, in which Mr. Gladstone's ministry is described as having "harassed every trade, worried every profession, assailed or menaced every class institution and species of property in the country." This address to the dead and gone electors of Wycombe in 1832 is also notable for its foreshadowing of the Unionist party, which Disraeli did not live long enough to see in actual being.

Rouse yourselves in the hour of doubt and danger [the young man cried aloud to the slumbering constituency]. Rid yourselves of all the political jargon and factious slang of Whig and Tory, and unite in forming a great national party which can alone save the country from impending destruction.

There were three candidates at this election, and Mr. Disraeli again found himself at the bottom of the poll. He tried Wycombe a third time and was once more defeated. Speaking a fortnight later at a public dinner he let fall one of those strangely prophetic sentences which glitter through the record of his life:—

I do not [he said] in any way feel like a beaten man. Perhaps it is because I am used to it. I can say with the famous Italian general who, being asked in his old age why he was always victorious, replied that it was because he had always been beaten in youth.

In 1835, Disraeli, always ready for a fight, unsuccessfully stood for Taunton in opposition to Mr. Henry Labouchere, who offered himself for re-election on being appointed master of the mint in the government of Lord Melbourne. By this time he had reconsidered his position, and came forward as a Tory candidate supported, if current rumors were true, by funds from the Conservative Club. "Is he making a cat's-paw of the Tories, or are they making one of him?" asked the mystified *Morning Chronicle*.

This election contest was memorable as incidentally leading to his quarrel with



O'Connell, whom he challenged to fight. Disraeli's own account of this episode is given in a letter to his sister dated May the 6th, 1835:—

I did not know yesterday when I wrote of the attack of O'Connell; it has engaged me ever since. I send you the *Times* and *Morning Post*. There is but one opinion among all parties, viz., that I have *squashed* them. I went to D'Orsay immediately. He sent for Henry Baillie for my second, as he thought a foreigner should not interfere in a political duel; but he took the management of everything. I never quitted his house till ten o'clock, when I dressed and went to the opera, and every one says I have done it in first-rate style.

It was in 1837 that Disraeli's undaunted efforts were crowned with success, and he was returned to the House of Commons as member for Maidstone. The address to the electors, issued at Maidstone, dated 1st of May, 1837, differs considerably from that addressed to the electors of High Wycombe in 1832. Disraeli now solicits "your suffrages as an uncompromising adherent to that ancient constitution which was once the boast of our fathers, and is still the blessing of their children." He stood as the colleague of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, husband of the lady who subsequently became his wife.

The polling at Maidstone took place on the 27th of July, 1837. Parliament was opened by the queen in person on the 20th of November, and seventeen days later Disraeli made his maiden speech, amid circumstances familiar to every reader. We have now, in the little volume of letters to his sister which Mr. Ralph Disraeli has given to the world, the young member's own account of a scene that has been described a score of times by other hands. Writing on the morning after the event, Disraeli says:—

I made my maiden speech last night, rising very late after O'Connell, but at the request of my party and the full sanction of Sir Robert Peel. As I wish to give you an *exact* idea of what occurred, I state at once that my *début* was a *failure*, so far that I could not succeed in gaining an opportunity of saying what I intended; but the failure was not occasioned by my breaking down, or any incompetency on my part, but from the physical powers of my adversaries. I can give you no idea how bitter, how factious, how unfair they were. It was like my first *début* at Aylesbury, and perhaps in that sense may be auspicious of ultimate triumph in the same scene. I fought through all with undaunted pluck and unruffled temper, made occasionally good isolated hits when there was silence, and finished

with spirit when I found a formal display was ineffectual. My party backed me well, and no one with more zeal and kindness than Peel, cheering me repeatedly, which is not his custom. The uproar was all organized by the Radicals and Repealers. They formed a compact body near the bar of the House, and seemed determined to set me down; but that they did not do. I have given you a most impartial account, stated, indeed, against myself.

In this same letter he fills in a hiatus that stands in all the printed reports of the historic speech:—

When we remember [the report lamely runs], at the same time that, with emancipated Ireland and enslaved England, on the one hand a triumphant nation, on the other a groaning people, and, notwithstanding, the noble lord secure on a pedestal of power, may wield in one hand the keys of St. Peter and—

Here the reporter notes: "The honorable member was interrupted with such loud and incessant bursts of laughter that it was impossible to know whether he really closed his sentence or not." There was, it appears, much curiosity in the House as to how this sentence should have finished. The attorney-general, meeting the unabashed young orator in the lobby, asked him what was the antithesis, and Disraeli supplied it: "In one hand the keys of St. Peter, and in the other the cap of liberty." "A good picture," as the attorney-general admitted.

Disraeli had evidently bestowed much care upon his attire in view of his first appearance on the floor of the House of Commons. One who heard him adds this other picture to the precious gallery, which enables us to realize what manner of man he was:—

He was very showily attired, being dressed in a bottle-green frock-coat, and a waistcoat of white, of the Dick Swiveller pattern, the front of which exhibited a network of glittering chains; large fancy-pattern pantaloons, and a black tie, above which no shirt collar was visible, completed the outward man. A countenance lividly pale, set out by a pair of intensely black eyes, and a broad but not very high forehead, overhung by clustered ringlets of coal-black hair, which, combed away from the right temple, fell in bunches of well-oiled small ringlets over his left cheek.

Of his manner of speech Mr. James Grant, who witnessed the scene from the reporters' gallery, writes:—

His gestures were abundant. He even appeared as if trying with what celerity he could move his body from one side to another, and throw his hands out and draw them in again.

At other times he flourished one hand before his face, and then the other. His voice, too, is of a very unusual kind. It is powerful, should it ever have justice done to it in the way of exercise; but there is something peculiar in it which I am at a loss to characterize. His utterance is rapid, and he never seemed at a loss for words. On the whole, and notwithstanding the result of his first attempt, I am convinced he is a man who possesses many of the requisites of a good debater. That he is a man of literary talent few will dispute.

Disraeli, in his letter to his sister, reports Peel, under whose leadership the young man had ranged himself, as "highly encouraging." He said privately to Lord Chandos:—

Some of my party were disappointed and talk of failure. I say just the reverse. He did all that he could do under the circumstances. I say anything but failure. He must make his way.

This account of the generous attitude of the great minister is confirmed from an independent quarter. Mr. Grant, continuing his account of Disraeli's first speech, says:—

It is particularly deserving of mention that even Sir Robert Peel, who very seldom cheers any honorable gentleman, not even the most able and flashy speaker of his own party, greeted Mr. Disraeli's speech with a prodigality of applause, which must have been very trying to the worthy baronet's lungs. Mr. Disraeli spoke from the second row of benches immediately opposite the Speaker's chair. Sir Robert, as usual, sat on the first row of benches, a little to the left of Mr. Disraeli, and so exceedingly anxious was the right honorable Baronet to encourage the *débutant* to proceed, that he repeatedly turned round his head, and, looking the future orator in the face, cheered him in the most stentorian tones.

Those familiar with the House of Commons in the present day will recognize in this manner of Mr. Gladstone's first leader a curious forecast of Mr. Gladstone's own habits in these last years when he occupies the seat of leader of the opposition. With the substitution of names these sentences would serve two or three times in a session to describe Mr. Gladstone's manner when one of his friends on a bench behind or below the gangway has made a speech that particularly pleased him.

There is another habit of Mr. Gladstone's upon which Mr. Disraeli, sitting opposite to him in the House of Commons, has remarked, which appears to be directly inherited from Sir Robert Peel. Every one with a passing acquaintance with Mr. Gladstone's speeches is familiar with his habit of submitting "three courses." This

was an oratorical trick of Sir Robert Peel's, upon which Mr. Disraeli commented forty-four years ago:—

I never knew [Disraeli said, following Peel in the debate on the Maynooth Bill] the right honorable gentleman bring forward a measure without saying that three courses were open to us. In a certain sense, and looking to his own position, he is right. There is the course the right honorable gentleman has left, there is the course the right honorable gentleman has followed, and there is usually the course which the right honorable gentleman ought to follow.

Disraeli was certainly not daunted by the extraordinary reception his maiden speech met with. Eleven days later he spoke again, as he reports to his sister, "with complete success." The subject was the Copyright Bill. As in his first speech the young aspirant did not hesitate to follow O'Connell, in his second he did not shrink from succeeding Peel.

I was [he writes] received with the utmost curiosity and attention. All agree that I managed in a few minutes by my voice and manner to please every one in the House. I do not care about the meagre report, for I spoke to the House and not the public.

After this Disraeli's position was assured. He was a frequent participant in debate, and, according to his own account transmitted to his sister, he went on from triumph to triumph. On April 26th, 1838, he writes:—

I made a brilliant speech last night, the crack one of the evening, and all who spoke after me, either for or against, addressed themselves to me.

August 10th, 1838:—

I spoke the other night after O'Connell with spirit and success. I thought it as well that my voice should be heard at the end of the Session, and especially on an Irish topic.

March 9th, 1839:—

My last speech was very successful, the best *coup* I have yet made. I was listened to in silence and the utmost attention. Peel especially complimented me.

June 23rd, 1839:—

How strange that, nearly in despair at the end of the Session, I should have made by universal consent the best speech on our side on a most important party question!

August 13th, 1839:—

The complete command of the House I now have is remarkable, and nothing could describe to you the mute silence which immediately ensued as I rose, broken only by members hurrying to their places to listen.

Disraeli, as we have seen, entered Parliament as a follower of Sir Robert Peel, and was indebted to the great minister for a quite unusual measure of personal attention and encouragement. Gradually he drifted away, and finally attached Lord George Bentinck to himself. Coming to be the actual leader of the protectionist party, he entered upon a crusade against Sir Robert Peel which led to some memorable encounters, and finally established his own Parliamentary reputation. Charles Greville, writing under date 21st May, 1846, lifts the curtain on this period, and shows us Peel at bay, with Disraeli, then in the prime of life, heading the attack :—

Last week the debate in the House of Commons came to a close at last, wound up by a speech of Disraeli's, very clever, in which he hacked and mangled Peel with the most unsparring severity, and positively tortured his victim. It was a miserable and degrading spectacle. The whole mass of the Protectionists cheered him with vociferous delight, making the roof ring again; and when Peel spoke, they screamed and hooted at him in the most brutal manner. When he vindicated himself, and talked of honor and conscience, they assailed him with shouts of derision and gestures of contempt. Such treatment in the House of Commons, where for years he had been an object of deference and respect, nearly overcame him. The Speaker told me that for a minute and more he was obliged to stop, and for the first time in his life, probably, he lost his self-possession; and the Speaker thought he would have been obliged to sit down, and expected him to burst into tears. They hunt him like a fox, and they are eager to run him down and kill him in the open. They are full of exultation at thinking they have nearly accomplished this object.

In the spring of 1845, Disraeli, then member for Shrewsbury, spoke night after night in attack on Sir Robert Peel. It was in one of this cluster of brilliant harangues that he uttered the memorable gibe :—

The right honorable gentleman caught the Whigs bathing, and walked away with their clothes. He has left them in the full enjoyment of their Liberal position, and he is himself a strict Conservative of their garments.

Writing to his sister on the 21st of March, 1845, describing one of these scenes, he says :—

As for Peel, he was stunned and stupefied, lost his head, and, vacillating between silence and spleen, spoke much and weakly. Never was a greater failure, assuring me that I had not hurt his feelings—that he would never reciprocate personalities again, having no venom, etc.

Of Mr. Gladstone we catch one or two glimpses in the course of the letters. He meets young Gladstone, in January, 1835, at a dinner given by the chancellor to Lord Abinger. "Rather dull, but we had a swan, very white and tender, and stuffed with truffles, the best company there."

In February, 1838, he writes that—

Gladstone spoke very well, though with the unavoidable want of interest which accompanies elaborate speeches which you know are to lead to no result, *i.e.*, no division.

February 6th, 1845 :—

Gladstone's address on his retirement from the Presidency of Board of Trade was involved and ineffective. He may have an *avenir*, but I hardly think it.

On the 13th of May, 1850, he dines for the first time at the Academy dinner.

I sat within two of Peel, and between Gladstone and Sydney Herbert. It went off very well, Gladstone being particularly agreeable.

Outside Parliament Disraeli's position about this time is shown by the fact that, in 1844, he was invited to take the chair at the founding of the Manchester Athenæum, and deliver the inaugural address. He accepted the invitation and arranged to be accompanied by some of the aristocratic lions of the Young England party, including Lord John Manners, and the Honorable George Smythe, son of Lord Strangford. I have come across a letter written about this time by the Duke of Rutland to Lord Strangford which throws a curious side light on the view taken at this time by the Tory magnates of the brilliant politician who was irresistibly thrusting himself to the front.

I deplore as much as you do [wrote the duke] the influence which Mr. Disraeli has acquired over many of our young legislators, particularly over your son and over mine. I have no personal knowledge of Mr. Disraeli, and I have not an entire respect for his talents, of which I think he might make a better use. It is regrettable that two young men like John and Mr. Smythe should allow themselves to be led away by a man of whose straightforwardness I have the same opinion as yourself, as I can only judge of it by his public career. The excellent dispositions of our sons render them only too susceptible to the seductions of an artful mind.

All unconscious of this letter, Disraeli was, five years later, enjoying the hospitalities of Belvoir Castle.

"We live here," he writes to his sister under date January 21st, 1850, "in the state rooms, brilliantly illuminated at

night, and at all times deliciously warm, even in this severe winter." (Through all his life Disraeli yearned for warmth. Sunlight if he could get it, but warmth anyhow.)

The party here is very large, but chiefly the family—a Christmas gathering. There are shooting-parties every day, and, advanced as the young Duke is, he is never away from them. I never met a man at his time of life, so cheerful, and, indeed, so vivacious.

His acquaintance with his future wife arose in the course of his colleagueship with Mr. Wyndham Lewis in the representation of Maidstone. Marriage as bearing upon his fortunes had not escaped the consideration of Disraeli, and in one of his letters to his sister he frankly discusses it.

By the bye [he writes on May 23rd, 1833] would you like Lady Z—for a sister-in-law, very clever, £25,000, and domestic? As for "love," all my friends who married for love and beauty either beat their wives or live apart from them. This is literally the case. I may commit many follies in life, but I never intend to marry for "love," which, I am sure, is a guarantee of infelicity.

It is reasonable to suppose that all his references to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis do not appear in the letters published. In what we have the change is a little abrupt from "Mrs. Lewis" to "Mary Anne." His first reference to the lady is found under date April 7th, 1832:—

I was introduced "by particular desire," to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, a pretty little woman, a flirt, and a rattle. Indeed, gifted with a volubility I should think unequalled, and of which I can convey no idea. She told me that she "liked silent, melancholy men." I answered "that I had no doubt of it."

Early in 1838, Mr. Wyndham Lewis died, and shortly after we find indications of closer communion with the widow. In the following June, Disraeli, in common with other M.P.'s, had a gold medal presented to him, a memorial of the coronation. "But I have presented it to Mrs. W. L." Next month there is "a splendid review in Hyde Park. I saw it admirably from Mrs. W. L.'s." The next reference is in a letter dated the 13th of August, 1839. "Our marriage is fixed for Wednesday;" and afterwards "Mrs. W. L." becomes "Mary Anne."

This marriage was one of the happy turning-points in Mr. Disraeli's career. It gave him that assured competence which is indispensable to a politician, as placing

him above the temptation, or even the suspicion, of being influenced by considerations of monetary necessity. Beyond this Disraeli gained the companionship of one who was truly a helpmate, and upon whose head he was enabled in later years gracefully to place a coronet.

In this survey of the early life of Disraeli I have endeavored to let the picture stand forth either as limned in little touches, often unconsciously drawn, by his own hand, or by the pen or lips of contemporaries who wrote or spoke of him without prevision of the great position for which he was working. It will be noted that if his autobiographical sketches err on the side of exaggerated approval that is not a failing to be traced in the critical remarks of his contemporaries. In truth an adequate appreciation of the force of Disraeli's character, the doggedness of his courage and the sublimity of his audacity, can be reached only after due appreciation of the difficulties by which his pathway was surrounded. Those who knew him only after the general election of 1874 have an inadequate and misleading conception of his life's struggle. When, in January, 1874, he took his seat on the Treasury bench in the House of Commons, head of a substantial majority, he was able for the first time to feel that the long fight was over, and that he was actually master of the situation. He had been in high position before, chancellor of the exchequer under Lord Derby in 1852, and four times after, in 1858, 1859, 1866, and 1868. In the latter year he rose to the highest position open to a British subject, taking the place of first lord of the treasury. But up to 1874, though the Conservative party could not do without him, were even compelled to accept him, they neither loved nor honored him. His bitterest foes were those of his own household. The late Lord Derby stood by him stoutly, but was among principal personages almost alone in his loyalty. We have seen in the Duke of Rutland's letter to Lord Strangford the sort of things that were said behind his back by the magnates of the party he was serving. Here are a few genial lines the *Saturday Review*, the organ of tiptop Toryism, published at the opening of the session of 1856, by way of recording a Parliamentary dinner given by Mr. Disraeli in his capacity as chancellor of the exchequer:—

Moses and Son have had of late,  
At their branch mansion, Grosvenor Gate,  
Their pride and happiness to see  
The very first nobility.



Go read the press. 'Tis doubtful whether  
Such nobs were ever brought together,  
As on the glorious evening poured  
To throng triumphant Moses' board.

And o'er them all in jewels dight,  
Not known from real in any light,  
And St. John's clothes, as good as new,  
Enraptured sat the glorious Jew.

Mr. Beresford Hope, proprietor of the *Review*, preserved, even in the days of Disraeli's fullest triumph, those sentiments of personal aversion and suspicion which once animated the inner circles of the Conservative party, and occasionally found scathing expression from the lips of the young patrician, then known successively as Lord Robert Cecil and Lord Cranborne. One of the attacks made upon his leader by Mr. Beresford Hope led to a repartee that has become historical. It was in 1867, in committee on the Reform Bill, that Mr. Beresford Hope, with a sneering reference to the "Tapers and Tadpoles of certain amusing story-books," hotly declared that "sink or swim, dissolution or no dissolution, whether he was in the next Parliament or out of it, he for one with his whole heart and conscience would vote against the Asian Mystery." Mr. Disraeli sat imperturbable on the Treasury bench, apparently taking no note of this pointed reference to this ancestry. But when he rose he did not forget Mr. Beresford Hope:—

I can assure the honorable gentleman [he said] that I listened with great pleasure to the invectives he delivered against me. I admire his style. It is a very great ornament of discussion; but it requires practice. [Not "finish," as is usually quoted.] I listen with great satisfaction to all his exhibitions in this house, and when he talks about an "Asian Mystery" I will tell him that there are Bata-vian graces in all that he says which I notice with satisfaction and which charm me.

Those familiar with Mr. Disraeli only in the closing years will find much to marvel at in the disclosures made of his earlier life and manner. In the days when he wore the black velvet coat lined with satin, the purple trousers, the scarlet waistcoat, and the long lace ruffles, he appears to have been a youth of even dazzling personal beauty. Handsome youths not infrequently develop into comely old men. But Lord Beaconsfield's face in old age could certainly not be called handsome. Of his once luxurious curling locks there remained a carefully nurtured residue singularly black in hue. To the last he wore the single curl drooping over his forehead.

He had abandoned all foppery of dress, though on fine spring days, as already noted, he liked to wear lavender kid gloves. Unlike Mr. Gladstone, who regularly greets the summer arrayed in a white hat, a light tweed suit, and a blue necktie, Lord Beaconsfield was ever soberly attired, the cut of his clothes suggesting rather the efforts of Hughenden art than the triumphs of Bond Street. He always wore a frock coat, and in the House of Commons had a curious little habit, when he sat down, of carefully arranging the skirt over his legs. Then he crossed his knees, folded his arms, and, with head hung down, sat for hours apparently immobile, but, as was shown, when occasion arose, watchful and wary.

Of his good looks there were left a pair of eyes remarkably luminous for one of his age, and plump, small, well-shaped white hands, of which he was pardonably proud. His idea of his duties, whether as leader of the House or leader of the opposition, was that he should be in his place practically from the time the speaker took the chair till he left it. He very rarely dined out in the session, and his absence during the dinner-hour was brief. Again, unlike Mr. Gladstone, he rarely conversed with his colleagues on the bench, an exception being made in favor of the late Lord Barrington, who, after dinner on dull nights, sitting by his side, often brought over his face the amazing confusion of wrinkles which intimated that Disraeli was laughing.

He was a consummate master of the House of Commons, equal to Lord Palmerston in his best days. He never missed a point or lost an advantage. There is a story of how he won the allegiance of Dr. O'Leary, which has, I believe, a considerable foundation of truth. Dr. O'Leary was a ridiculous personage of the type now missing in the House of Commons. He sat for an Irish constituency, and greatly amused the House by his highly strung orations. At the time when Mr. Disraeli was pressing through the House of Commons the Imperial Title Bill, he was most anxious to obtain a majority that would gratify his royal mistress. Dr. O'Leary, though voting with his party against the government on most questions, was observed to be a little shaky on this particular issue. One night, just before the division was taken, Mr. Disraeli passing along the corridors saw the peculiar figure of the doctor ahead of him. Over-taking him, and touching him lightly on the shoulder, he said, "My dear doctor,



you always remind me of my old friend Tom Moore; your personal resemblance to him is most striking." That was sufficient. Dr. O'Leary not only voted for the Imperial Title Bill, but became thereafter a steady supporter in the division lobby of the foreign policy of Mr. Disraeli.

Mr. Disraeli, more especially when leader of the House, refrained as far as was possible from taking part in debate. He never made opportunity to deliver a speech, and often passed it by with advantage to the progress of public business; his happiest efforts were often those for which he had made least elaborate preparation. He could not keep the pace with Mr. Gladstone in an oration of an hour or more; but for a twenty minutes' speech, sparkling with wit, strong in argument, and happy in saying precisely the right thing in the right way, he was unsurpassed and unapproachable.

So recently as 1873, the distrust and dislike of Mr. Disraeli, inherent in the Conservative party, showed itself ripe for expression whenever opportunity presented itself. When, in this year, Mr. Gladstone's government being defeated on the University Bill, Mr. Disraeli declined to undertake the conduct of the government in the existing House of Commons, there was much angry resentment by disappointed place-hunters. Great pressure was put upon him to alter his determination. But he stood firm, and in an eloquent and even pathetic passage, defended himself in the House of Commons from attacks made from the rear and on the flank.

Sir [he said], when the time arrives, and when the great constitutional party enters upon a career which must be noble, and which I hope and believe will be triumphant, I think they may perhaps remember, and I trust not with unkindness, that I, at least, prevented one obstacle from being placed in their way, and that I, as the trustee of their honor and interests, declined to form a weak and discredited administration.

Disraeli's prescience was vindicated by the results of the general election, which took place in the following year, and placed his party and himself at the head of affairs with a majority that for the first time in his political life gave him untrammelled power. Thereafter his life's journey was a triumphal march. Old age fell upon him, accompanied by honor, love, obedience, troops of friends. Lord Cranborne, master of gibes, and flouts, and sneers, blossomed into the Marquis of Salisbury, his right-hand man, suc-

cessor-designate of his high office. The extreme of acerbity, with which his youth and middle age had been attacked, was equalled only by the adulation amid which he passed the closing years of his life — a strange, eventful life, exceeding in adventure anything attributed to the heroes of his fiction, and crowned by a success that was the prize of patient endeavor and supreme genius. HENRY W. LUCY.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### THE STUDY OF FIELD-NAMES.

At a time when the editors of the great Oxford dictionary are gathering in every word which has been current in English literature during the last seven centuries, and when dialect-words are being collected in every shire in England, we may wonder that so few should have stooped to pick up that wayside flower of the old English language, the field-name.

For curious field-names may be found in every rural parish. It is as easy to collect them as to gather specimens for the *herbarium*. Nor is the one pursuit less useful or less instructive than the other. Each leads its votaries into the woods and fields; each must observe time and place. It is when the specimens have to be explained or classified that the difference between the two pursuits is most plainly manifested. The way to the keys which will unlock the mysteries of many field-names is as steep as the hill of Parnassus. He who would get hold of those keys must travel *deserta per ardua*. The task of the botanist is far less difficult. He, at least, can examine the flower, count the petals and sepals, turn to his books of reference, and be assured that his judgment is right. The collector of field-names must find the explanation of his curious word in a dictionary, if he can. Probably he will be misled by some similarity of spelling, and get hold of the wrong word altogether; more probably he will not be able to find the word he is in search of at all. But let him not lose courage or patience. When he has got together many field-names from many parishes he will find that some, at all events, of his difficulties are cleared up. He will make them out accidentally in the course of his reading — for I assume that he has some philological tastes — the truth dawning upon him when he least expects it.

The numerous interesting facts which may be learned from a study of field-names

(in which term I include the names of fields, rocks, old houses, streams, hills, etc.) will be best shown by a few examples, taken mostly from places with which I am personally familiar.

A good and simple example is Thrift House. I know one old country-house which bears this name, and there are doubtless others elsewhere. Popular conjecture is always busy about names of this kind, and ever ready to invent a story to explain the meaning of a forgotten word. It was told to me as an unquestionable fact that the house was built by means of the thrift or frugality of a former owner about the end of the last century, the very name of the thrifty one being mentioned. As, however, the title-deeds show that the place was called Thrift House in the sixteenth century, it was plain that this popular conjecture was wrong, as popular etymologies nearly always are. It is known that the plant stonecrop, or thrift, as it was formerly called, was anciently planted on the roofs of houses as a protection from storm and tempest. "It is a common opinion," says Withals in his interesting little "Dictionarie," "that where it groweth on the tyles that house shall not perish, nor bee hurt with the thunder, and hereupon they call it *herba Fovis*." That this superstition was common to the Germanic races may be seen in Grimm's "Teutonic Mythology," in which, amongst various items of German folk-lore, it is mentioned that "stonecrop planted on the roof keeps the thunder-bolt aloof." When I add to this the fact that the stonecrop is still, in some places, planted on the roofs of houses, it will be clear that old Teutonic superstition, and not modern frugality, explains the meaning of Thrift House.

Salter is a puzzling field-name, or rather lane-name, found in Yorkshire and Derbyshire, and for aught I know in other counties. It occurs in such compounds as Salter-lane, Salter-gate, Salter forth, Salter-hebble, Salter-sitch. Obviously, in these compounds, it is not the surname Salter, and has no connection with any kind of salt-making, for in Yorkshire a *gate* is a road, and *forth* in many cases seems to have the same meaning. A *hebble* is a narrow plank bridge, and a *sitch* is a small valley. It has been suggested, with great plausibility, that Salter represents the Old English *seal-tréo*, or sallow-tree. But salwos do not grow in sandy moorland lanes, and in the compounds which have been cited Salter is the Old French *sautoir*, Low Latin *saltarium*, a bar of wood laid across a road in such a way that men could

easily get over it but animals could not. The bar rested upon two standards, each of which was made in the form of a St. Andrew's cross. The shape is still preserved in modern wooden stiles which are seen in fields where hedges are intersected by footpaths. In this sense the word is now unknown in English, but it is preserved in heraldry as *saltire* or *saltier*. The earlier meaning had been forgotten when Gwillim wrote his "Display of Heraldrie" in 1611. Quoting an older authority, he says that the saltire was an engine "made of the height of a man, and was driven full of pinnes; the use whereof was to scale the walles therewith, to which end the pinnes served commodiously." And he quotes Upton, another old writer on heraldry, "who saith it was an engine to catch wild beasts." The salter was obsolete, then, in the sixteenth century, but these writers seem to have heard or remembered something of its form. In days when there were few enclosures the salter and the *liigate* would be very useful in preventing animals, such as sheep or oxen, from getting into the lanes. In some cases such barriers must have stood at the entrance to small towns or villages, for Wood, in his history of Eyam in Derbyshire, says that the principal road into that village "was the Lydgate, now called Ligget." He goes on to say that in the last century watch and ward was kept at this gate by night, the villagers taking the duty in turn.

Here and there may be found the names of sacred trees, words which are as rare as they are interesting. In Lancashire and in Derbyshire I have noticed Selioke, blessed oak. An ancient family of that name bore oak-leaves on their coat-armor, and I have seen this device on the seals of their deeds as far back as the fifteenth century. Some old progenitor of theirs must have dwelt *atte sēli-ōk*,\* at or near the blessed oak. We know from the decrees of Burchard of Worms that, as late at least as the eleventh century, the Germanic races used to offer prayers, bread, candles, and other gifts, to holy trees. "Bishops and their ministers," says Burchard, "should do their utmost in causing to be cut down and burnt trees consecrated to demons, which the vulgar worship and hold in such veneration that they dare not lop off a single branch or twig." As Christianity advanced in England these sacred trees were cut down or burnt.

\* I follow Stratmann's normalized spelling of Old English.

The field-name Swinnock (burnt oak) tells a tale of this burning. Such an event would be marked and remembered by the people, and the place where the sacred tree stood would long be pointed out.

I was greatly surprised one day to find in a list of field-names compiled by a surveyor about 1820, a field called St. Igna. This was at Dore in Derbyshire, the place in which, according to the English Chronicle, the Northumbrian host offered allegiance to Egbert, king of the West-Saxons. Now this was rather too clever to have been invented by the surveyor; and certainly it was not a fanciful house-name borrowed from a novel. My friends all told me that such an obscure saint's name could not occur in a remote place at the very edge of the wild and treeless moors, and they said it was a corruption of something. The word, nevertheless, is as genuine as it is interesting. I will not pretend to explain how it was that the worship of St. Ignace was once observed in such a place. His day in the calendar in December 17th, and within the last century people at Blackpool in Lancashire have been known to go "Ignaning" at Christmas-tide.

A good picture of pastoral life in England, as it existed, say, a thousand years ago, may be seen in those numerous field-names which show that sheep, oxen, and goats fed and were sheltered on the hills, whilst the valleys beneath were covered with thick forests in which were the dens, or swine-pastures. I have noticed Ox Dale on moorland heights, and few field-names are more frequent, in the northern parts of England at least, than Lamb Hill, Sheep Hill, and Cow Hill, or, as the word is written in surnames, Cowell. That goats were kept and sheltered on the hills may be seen in such names as Hober Hill\* (goat-hill), Goat's Cliffe, Kid Tor, and in Tickenhall, near Derby, Tickill, in Ecclesfield, and Tickhill, near Bawtry (anciently Ticchenhulle), these words being represented in Old English as *ticcen-hyll*, or *ticchen-hul*, kid-hill. So that Lamb Hill and Kid Hill may be cited as showing that young sheep and goats were kept apart from their sires and dams. Bucka Hill (he-goat-hill) is found near Baslow in Derbyshire. We may compare Harthill and Hartshead, Gateshead (she-goat's hill), Swineshead, Oxhead, Farset (*fearres-heafed*, bull's hill), Tykenheved, Manshead (horse-hill?), and Lambheved. Many

other examples, such as Gotherage and Hathersage (anciently Haversegge and Hadersegh, the Domesday Hereseige being wrong) might be mentioned, each of these words meaning goat-field, just as *debrhege* means deer-park, or as the Swedish *hastage* means horse-park. We may compare Haver Hill, Haver Storth (he-goat-wood), each of which is the Old English *heber*, a he-goat, although of course Haver Croft might be oat-croft. So Hatherley, Hathersley, Hattersley, is he-goat-meadow. A very eminent English philologist, to whom I have submitted these remarks, is of opinion that this derivation of Hathersage and Hathersley is wrong. It is, however, certain that the change from *v = f* to *th*, and the converse, is regular and frequent in some dialects, and I do not think that the *s* in Hathersage is an objection to this explanation, for it may be the genitive singular. Manorial court-rolls show abundantly that much attention was paid to the selection and breeding of cattle, and there is evidence, as will have been seen in some of these local names, showing that the sexes were kept separate. The picture here presented of flocks of kids and lambs housed in safety on the hills away from the wolves and wild beasts which haunted the woods below is in strange contrast with the rural England of to-day. We are reminded of the pastoral life of Eastern races and of the words of the Psalmist: "I will take no bullock out of thine house: nor he-goat out of thy folds. For all the beasts of the forest are mine: and so are the cattle upon a thousand hills."

From what has been said it will be obvious that the names of other animals, such as deer, must enter largely into the composition of local names. We may see this in Darlands, sometimes written Darelands and Deer Lands, in Ecclesfield, and in the adjacent Doe Royd, a *royd* being a forest clearing. *Debr*, a wild beast, but in these names a deer, is also seen in Darton, which is found in Old English as *debrtūn* (deer-park), and in Darby or Derby.† Speed's map of Derby, 1611, contains an emblematic drawing of a deer-park, surrounded by a wooden fence, with a single deer in the middle.

In some field-names we have the clearest evidence of a mixed nationality. Some writers insist strongly upon the unity of the English people, and will not admit that there ever was a time when con-

\* Hober Hill and Hibberfield near Sheffield are from the Old English *heber*, a he-goat.

† It is possible, however, as Mr. Henry Bradley tells me, that Derby may be from the O. N. personal name *Djuri*.

quered or old races in these islands lived side by side with their conquerors or with the newer settlers, without intermarrying with them or entering into any kind of social compact. This hypothesis of unity is contradicted by the universal experience of mankind, and in England a survival of tribal exclusiveness may be seen in the Irish quarters of large towns. The Teutonic settler and the Romanized or Latin-speaking Celt, each speaking a language unknown to the other, would not at first intermix, and that they did not intermix is proved by the existence to this day of some curious local names. Wolsh Stubbings, in Ecclesall near Sheffield; Welshman's Croft, one of the large open fields in Hitchin; Walckden in Bradfield, south Yorkshire; Walkmoor in Dore, Walkley near Sheffield, Walkworth near Kimberworth—each of these names is compounded of the old English *weallisc*, *walsche*, foreign, Roman. Wales, a hamlet near Brighton in south Yorkshire, may also be mentioned. I have in several cases noticed the word *barbar* (foreigner), as in Barber Balk,\* an old line of fortification near Kimberworth. Whether these *wealas*, or foreigners, were Roman colonists or Romanized Celts is uncertain, and may depend upon the circumstances of each particular case. As Barber Balk is called in another part of its course Scotland Balk, we may perhaps conclude that the name refers to an Irish sept known as the Scots, and that the *balk* was intended for a barrier between them and their foes. Tribal rivalry or hostility may have been, as regards some septs at least, as strongly marked here as in France, where down to the end of the last century an "accursed race," known as Cagots, lived apart from their fellow-men, occupied a separate place in their parish church, entered that church by a separate door, and received the sacramental wafer at the end of a cleft stick. These people, strange to say, were called in old documents Christians. The late Mr. Thomas Wright thought that such a state of things might once have existed in England, and he pointed to the blocked-up doors to be seen in some churches, and to those openings in chancel walls, known as squints, through which, it is said, people could see from a particular corner in the church the elevation of the host.

One local name can sometimes be satisfactorily explained by comparing it with

another. Thus Unthank, which is occasionally found in Yorkshire and Derbyshire, may be compared with a field or place in upper Hallam, near Sheffield, called Lord's Gift. This last-named word implies that a number of squatters settled upon a piece of the waste lands belonging to a manor by the permission or gift of the lord. The exact opposite of this is expressed by Unthank, which means "without permission."

I now come to the most interesting part of my subject. Whilst we are all familiar with the mythology of Greece and Rome, few are acquainted with the fact that in the popular belief of our own ancestors the hills and dales of England were once peopled with sprites and demons, with giants and dwarfs, with wood-maidens and sylvan gods. The decrees of Burchard of Worms, mentioned above, allude especially to certain bewitching nymphs, dwelling amongst the fields and woods, which appeared to their lovers when desired, and vanished at will. Field-names can supply many certain proofs of the former existence in England of a belief in these nymphs. Maiden's Hill-ock in Dore; Chap Maiden, near Tideswell in Derbyshire; Maiden Bower in Bedfordshire; Mag Clough (maid-valley), Maggat Lees (maid-meadows), in Holmesfield near Sheffield; Mag Land near Sheffield; Mag Shaw (maid-wood) between Sheldon and Bakewell; Mag Field in Ecclesall; Magathay at Norton in Derbyshire, meaning maid-croft or lady-croft—these may suffice as examples. With Mag we may compare the Latin *maga*, an enchantress. Nymphs, too, were believed to haunt the wells and streams, as may be seen in Maiden Well, near Louth. With these we may compare Lady Mead, Lady Wood, Lady Croft, Lady Booth, Lady Bower, which are common field-names in England, the word "Lady" being generally, but erroneously, referred to the Blessed Virgin. In Ireland, and in some parts of England, people still speak of fairies in terms of great respect, as "the ladies." Doubtless the "maidens" are in some of these names the three Norns, Fates, or Weird Sisters, and if we compare Maiden's Hillock with Sparken Hill,\* at Worksope, we shall see that this is so, for Sparken represents the Old Norse *spákona*, a prophetess, and also a Norn. Much light is thrown on this subject by a Latin poem written by a monk named

\* *Barbar*, meaning foreigner, is very rare in Old English, but it cannot be a surname here, nor is it equivalent to *sonsor*.

\* The Ordnance maps give a Sparkinson's Spring on the moors above Dore, near Sheffield. No such surname as Sparkinson appears to exist.



Wolstan, of Winchester, in the tenth century. He tells us that one day a citizen of that place went to visit his farm. Coming home rather late he was met by two dark women. "Come hither, dear brother," they cried; "haste thee, and listen to our words, for we would tell thee something." He ran away in a fright, and the two women pursued him. His terror was increased when a third woman, dwelling on a hill, stopped him. This third nymph struck the poor man to the ground, and then all three disappeared in the waters of the stream.\* We thus learn that two of these nymphs inhabited the stream, whilst the third dwelt on a hill — the Maiden Hillock of our field-names. In south Yorkshire I have often heard the mild oath, "By the Megs," and also "By the Meggins," and "By the Macks." These "Megs" or "Macks" are, I think, the *Mags*, *Norns*, or *Weird Sisters* who ruled the destinies of men.

We may pursue this part of our subject a little further. A field at Dore, near Sheffield, is now called Cream's Hill. This appears to be Grime's Hill, for the phonetic change from *g* to *c* is common, and Grime (old English *grīma*) was formerly pronounced *greem*. Now *grīma* is a ghost or spectre; but in Old Norse, *grīmr* is the name of a man, and also a name of Odin; it is also, however, the name of a giant, and this, most probably, is the meaning here. In an adjoining village I find in the year 1588 a field called the Grimsell Acre, and a few years later I find the Grimsells in the same village. The word also occurs near Doncaster and in Ecclesfield, but I am unable to offer any explanation of it. With Cream's Hill, or Grime's Hill, we may compare Grime's Graves in Norfolk, meaning the burial-places of giants, as in the Giants' Graves of Ireland, and the tombs known as Giants' Chambers of Denmark. A hamlet adjoining Grimes-thorpe in south Yorkshire was formerly called Skinthorpe, but is now known as Skinner-thorpe. This name might be connected with the Old Norse *skinnari*, a skinner. A trade-name, however, seems an unlikely explanation of this ancient word, and I think it is most probably derived from the Old English *scinere*, a wizard or magician, or even from *scin*, a ghost or phantom. The unintelligible wonders of nature always beget feelings of superstition amongst half-civilized people. The

appearance of *ignis fatuus* is still to the peasantry a matter of terrible alarm; and I remember a poor old man being almost frightened out of his wits by some boys who, concealed behind some bushes, exploded crackers and other fireworks in a dark wood through which he had to pass.

In hilly districts giants appear largely amongst the local names, as Giant's Hole near Castleton, Giant's Face in Ashover, Giant's Chair and An Kirk (giant's church) in Dore. As Jacob Grimm points out, curious old buildings are ascribed to giants or heathens, and even of Tristan's cave of love it was said that *elenes* (giants) in old days had wrought it. And as "there were giants in the earth in those days" so also there were dwarfs. Dwariden (*dweorga denu*) in Bradfield, south Yorkshire, is the valley of dwarfs, a place which may be compared with the valley of the giants to which the children of Benjamin came.

A frequent, and of course an ancient, field-name is Tom, which is the Old German *tomte*, a home-sprite. In south Yorkshire, when children are naughty the nurses say that Tom Dockin will fetch them, and I have in this county heard of a being called Tom of the Wood. Dockin is the same as Dickin, an old word for the Devil. Amongst field-names I have noticed Tom Hill, Tom Lane, Tom Field, Tom Wood, Tom Cross, Tom's Cross. All these words must refer to a home-sprite, or supernatural being, perhaps to Tom Dockin himself, who is described as a frightful goblin having iron teeth with which he devours bad children. †

The careful observer will find that woods, fields, hills, and other natural objects are often named after the saints of the Christian calendar. In most, if not all, of these cases the saint is either a heathen god or demigod received at length, under a new name, into the calendar, or else the name of a Christian saint has usurped the place of some sacred being of the old mythology. The Church might think that there was little harm in retaining the names of giants or dwarfs, and the worship, or the fear, of wood-maiden or Norn passed by easy stages to that of the Blessed Mary, or other personages of the Christian drama. This fact will explain such names as Anthony Hill, Stephen Hill, Simon Hill, Andrew Wood, Peter Wood, Hail Mary Wood, Lawrence Field, Martin Field, and a host of others, each of which has usurped the place of some pagan deity of the woods and fields.

The country-side loses much of its

\* See the story related at length in Bright's "Celt, Roman, and Saxon," ed. 1885, p. 341.



charm when the old field-names are forgotten or changed. In remote districts where the peasantry are little influenced by the outside world these names are handed down unchanged from one generation to another. A lengthened observation of the subject has convinced me that these interesting words are far less corrupt than is often supposed. It is so difficult to account for some of them, and so easy to say that they are wrong! The compilers of our Ordnance Maps have many sins to answer for, of which one example will suffice. Some weird rocks in Bradfield have been known for ages as Hurling Stones. They appear on the Ordnance Maps as Herculean Stones! A happy thought, truly, but this great hero of pagan mythology was known amongst our English forefathers as Helcol; and Hurling Stones merely means sloping stones, being derived from the Old English *hurlen*.

Many Old English words once in common use have not been preserved amongst the remains of our literature, though they may often be found in the Old Norse or other cognate tongues. In this respect the field-name, especially when it is explained by dialect, may supply the most useful philological facts. For example, there is a place on Bradfield moors called Howden Chest. This word "chest" had long puzzled me and others, until one day I made it out. On that day a Bradfield farmer said to me that there was "a great chest of hills running across those moors." Now I had heard of a chest of drawers, but a chest of mountains was a new thing. He simply meant a row of hills, and I have ascertained that a verb *chess*, meaning to arrange in order, or to pile up, exists in the dialect of the district. Howden Chest is a row of small hills intersecting the moors.

One parish may contain quite a cluster of Old Norse field-names, while another parish, only a few miles distant, may not possess a single field-name which can be traced to that source. A range of hills may break the continuity of dialect, and it may also have divided one old settlement, or set of squatters, from another. The village of Dore, already mentioned in this article, contains Old Norse names with a frequency which leads to the conclusion that its early inhabitants were of Scandinavian origin. In the field-name Standing Stanes we may see the narrow *bautastene*, or memorial stones, of Denmark and Sweden. In Lenny Hill we have the Swedish *lena*, a tumulus or mound, a word which,

says Ihre, "though not now in common use, yet remains amongst the names of towns and churches (*templa*), every one of which, as I have noticed, stands on high ground." In the little grass fields called Teppy Lands or Tippy Lands we have the Swedish *teppa*, a little field enclosed on all sides. Catty Croft (a somewhat common field-name), which is now the graveyard at Dore, is the Swedish *katte*, a pen for lambs in a sheepfold, though strange to say it also means a cradle, bed, and tomb. No field-name is more common in Dore than Lym, which appears in the maps and surveys as Limb. A pretty valley called the Lym has, for a time at least, lost that name in favor of the newly coined title of Ryecroft Glen. How strange that people, who think by using the word "glen" to throw an air of poetic fancy over the scene, should cast aside one of the most sweet-sounding names in romantic literature! For was it not in Hlymdale that the great Norse hero Sigurd went wooing to Brynhild as she sat in her bower with her maidens "overlaying cloth, with gold, and sewing therein the great deeds which Sigurd had wrought, the slaying of the Worm and the taking of the wealth of him"?

Perhaps it need hardly be said that it would be unsafe to attempt the etymology of a field-name without first seeing the field itself, because, in the majority of cases, the name is derived from some natural object. Where the word has been obtained from an old terrier, survey, or deed, this is not always possible, yet by the help of the Tithe Commutation Maps we may often identify the most curious local names. These names, indeed, have clung to the soil through many centuries with extraordinary tenacity, and the old country people, if left to themselves, hand them down with faithful precision. Changes in the systems of husbandry, the abolition of old tenures, and the enclosure of commons have swept many of them away. Still a great number have been left, and if we could collect the field-names of a whole county we should be able to see by comparison that many of these words, which are supposed to be inexplicable corruptions, are real words which once had a well-understood meaning. My experience is that personal names are a smaller element in field-names than is commonly supposed.

That this study is not without interest and historical value will be seen from what has been said on the evidences of old religious belief which may be found in

field-names, to say nothing of the quaint and curious glimpses of old country life and forgotten customs which many of these words reveal to us.

S. O. ADDY.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
RIGHT AND LEFT.

ADULT man is the only animal who, in the familiar Scriptural phrase, "knoweth the right hand from the left." This fact in his economy goes closely together with the other facts, that he is the only animal on this sublunary planet who habitually uses a knife and fork, articulate language, the art of cookery, the common pump, and the musical glasses. His right-handedness, in short, is part cause and part effect of his universal supremacy in animated nature. He is what he is, to a great extent, "by his own right hand;" and his own right hand, we may shrewdly suspect, would never have differed at all from his left were it not for the manifold arts and trades and activities he practises.

It was not always so, when wild in woods the noble savage ran. Man was once, in his childhood on earth, what Charles Reade wanted him again to be in his maturer centuries, ambidextrous. And lest any lady readers of this magazine — in the Cape of Good Hope, for example, or the remoter portions of the Australian bush, whither the culture of Girtton and the familiar knowledge of the Latin language has not yet penetrated — should complain that I speak with unknown tongues, I will further explain for their special benefit that ambidextrous means equally handed, using the right and the left indiscriminately. This, as Mr. Andrew Lang remarks in immortal verse, "was the manner of Primitive Man." He never minded twopence which hand he used, as long as he got the fruit or the scalp he wanted. How could he when twopence wasn't yet invented? His mamma never said to him in early youth, "Why-why" or "Tom-tom," as the case might be, "that's the wrong hand to hold your flint scraper in." He grew up to man's estate in happy ignorance of such minute and invidious distinctions between his anterior extremities. Enough for him that his hands could grasp the forest boughs or chip the stone into shapely arrows; and he never even thought in his innocent soul which particular hand he did it with.

How can I make this confident assertion,

you ask, about a gentleman whom I never personally saw, and whose habits the intervention of five hundred centuries have precluded me from studying at close quarters? At first sight, you would suppose the evidence on such a point must be purely negative. The reconstructive historian must surely be inventing *a priori* facts, evolved, *more Germanico*, from his inner consciousness. Not so. See how clever modern archæology has become! I base my assertion upon solid evidence. I know that primitive man was ambidextrous, because he wrote and painted just as often with his left as with his right, and just as successfully.

This seems once more a hazardous statement to make about a remote ancestor, in the age before the great glacial epoch had furrowed the mountains of northern Europe; but, nevertheless, it is strictly true and strictly demonstrable. Just try, as you read, to draw with the forefinger and thumb of your right hand an imaginary human profile on the page on which these words are printed. Do you observe that (unless you are an artist, and therefore sophisticated) you naturally and instinctively draw it with the face turned towards your left shoulder? Try now to draw it with the profile to the right, and you will find it requires a far greater effort of the thumb and fingers. The hand moves of its own accord from without inward, not from within outward. Then, again, draw with your left thumb and forefinger another imaginary profile, and you will find, for the same reason, that the face in this case looks rightward. Existing savages, and our own young children, whenever they draw a figure in profile, be it of man or beast, with their right hand, draw it almost always with the face or head turned to the left, in accordance with this natural human instinct. Their doing so is a test of their perfect right-handedness.

But primitive man, or at any rate the most primitive men we know personally, the carvers of the figures from the French bone-caves, drew men and beasts, on bone or mammoth-tusk, turned either way indiscriminately. The inference is obvious. They must have been ambidextrous. Only ambidextrous people draw so at the present day; and indeed, to scrape a figure otherwise with a sharp flint on a piece of bone or tooth or mammoth-tusk would, even for a practised hand, be comparatively difficult.

I have begun my consideration of rights and lefts with this one very clear historical

datum, because it is interesting to be able to say with tolerable certainty that there really was a period in our life as a species when man in the lump was ambidextrous. Why and how did he become otherwise? This question is not only of importance in itself, as helping to explain the origin and source of man's supremacy in nature—his tool-using faculty—but it is also of interest from the light it casts on that fallacy of poor Charles Reade's already alluded to—that we ought all of us in this respect to hark back to the condition of savages. I think when we have seen the reasons which make civilized man now right-handed, we shall also see why it would be highly undesirable for him now to return, after so many ages of practice, to the condition of his undeveloped stone-age ancestors.

The very beginning of our modern right-handedness goes back, indeed, to the most primitive savagery. Why did one hand ever come to be different in use and function from another? The answer is, because man, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, is really one-sided. Externally, indeed, his congenital one-sidedness doesn't show; but it shows internally. We all of us know, in spite of Sganarelle's assertion to the contrary, that the apex of the heart inclines to the left side, and that the liver and other internal organs show a generous disregard for strict and formal symmetry. In this irregular distribution of those human organs which polite society agrees to ignore, we get the clue to the irregularity of right and left in the human arm, and finally even the particular direction of the printed letters now before you.

For primitive man did not belong to polite society. His manners were strikingly deficient in that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. When primitive man felt the tender passion steal over his soul, he lay in wait in the bush for the Phyllis or Daphne whose charms had inspired his heart with young desire; and when she passed his hiding-place, in maiden meditation, fancy free, he felled her with a club, caught her tight by the hair of her head, and dragged her off in triumph to his cave or his rock-shelter. (Marriage by capture, the learned call this simple mode of primeval courtship). When he found some Strephon or Damocetas rival him in the affections of the dusky sex, he and that rival fought the matter out like two bulls in a field; and the victor and his Phyllis supped that evening off the roasted remains of the vanquished

suitor. I don't say these habits and manners were pretty; but they were the custom of the time, and there's no good denying them.

Now, primitive man, being thus by nature a fighting animal, fought: for the most part at first with his great canine teeth, his nails, and his fists; till in process of time he added to these early and natural weapons the further persuasions of a club or shillelagh. He also fought, as Darwin has very conclusively shown, in the main for the possession of the ladies of his kind, against other members of his own sex and species. And if you fight, you soon learn to protect the most exposed and vulnerable portion of your body. Or if you don't, natural selection manages it for you, by killing you off as an immediate consequence. To the boxer, wrestler, or hand-to-hand combatant, that most vulnerable portion is undoubtedly the heart. A hard blow, well delivered on the left breast, will easily kill, or at any rate stun, even a very strong man. Hence, from a very early period, men have used the right hand to fight with, and have employed the left arm chiefly to cover the heart and to parry a blow aimed at that specially vulnerable region. And when weapons of offence and defence supersede mere fists and teeth, it is the right hand that grasps the spear or sword, while the left holds over the heart for defence the shield or buckler.

From this simple origin, then, the whole vast difference of right and left in civilized life takes its beginning. At first, no doubt, the superiority of the right hand was only felt in the matter of fighting. But that alone gave it a distinct pull, and paved the way, at last, for its supremacy elsewhere. For when weapons came into use, the habitual employment of the right hand to grasp the spear, sword, or knife made the nerves and muscles of the right side far more obedient to the control of the will than those of the left. The dexterity thus acquired by the right—see how the very word "dexterity" implies this fact—made it more natural for the early hunter and artificer to employ the same hand preferentially in the manufacture of flint hatchets, bows and arrows, and in all the other manifold activities of savage life. It was the hand with which he grasped his weapon; it was therefore the hand with which he chipped it. To the very end, however, the right hand remains especially "the hand in which you hold your knife;" and that is exactly how our own children to this day decide the

question which is which, when they begin to know their right hand from their left for practical purposes.

A difference like this, once set up, implies thereafter innumerable other differences which naturally flow from it. Some of them are extremely remote and derivative. Take, for example, the case of writing and printing. Why do these run from left to right? At first sight such a practice seems clearly contrary to the instinctive tendency I noticed above—the tendency to draw from right to left, in accordance with the natural sweep of the hand and arm. And, indeed, it is a fact that all early writing habitually took the opposite direction from that which is now universal in Western countries. Every schoolboy knows, for instance (or at least he would if he came up to the proper Macaulay standard), that Hebrew is written from right to left, and that each book begins at the wrong cover. The reason is that words, and letters, and hieroglyphics were originally carved, scratched, or incised, instead of being written with colored ink, and the hand was thus allowed to follow its natural bent, and to proceed, as we all do in naïve drawing, with a free curve from the right leftward.

Nevertheless, the very same fact—that we use the right hand alone in writing—made the letters run the opposite way in the end; and the change was due to the use of ink and other pigments for staining papyrus, parchment, or paper. If the hand in this case moved from right to left it would of course smear what it had already written; and to prevent such untidy smudging of the words, the order of writing was reversed from left rightward. The use of wax tablets also, no doubt, helped forward the revolution, for in this case, too, the hand would cover and rub out the words written.

The strict dependence of writing, indeed, upon the material employed is nowhere better shown than in the case of the Assyrian cuneiform inscriptions. The ordinary substitute for cream-laid note in the Euphrates valley in its palmy days was a clay or terra-cotta tablet, on which the words to be recorded—usually a deed of sale or something of the sort—were impressed while it was wet and then baked in, solid. And the method of impressing them was very simple; the workman merely pressed the end of his graver or wedge into the moist clay, thus giving rise to triangular marks which were arranged in the shapes of various letters. When alabaster, or any other hard material, was

substituted for clay, the sculptor imitated these natural dabs or triangular imprints; and that was the origin of those mysterious and very learned-looking cuneiforms. This, I admit, is a palpable digression; but inasmuch as it throws an indirect light on the simple reasons which sometimes bring about great results, I hold it not wholly alien to the present serious philosophical inquiry.

Printing, in turn, necessarily follows the rule of writing, so that in fact the order of letters and words on this page depends ultimately upon the remote fact that primitive man had to use his right hand to deliver a blow, and his left to parry, or to guard his heart.

Some curious and hardly noticeable results flow once more from this order of writing from left to right. You will find, if you watch yourself closely, that in examining a landscape, or the view from a hilltop, your eye naturally ranges from left to right; and that you begin your survey, as you would begin reading a page of print, from the left-hand corner. Apparently, the now almost instinctive act of reading (for *Dogberry* was right after all, for the civilized infant) has accustomed our eyes to this particular movement, and has made it especially natural when we are trying to read or take in at a glance the meaning of any complex and varied total.

In the matter of pictures, I notice, the correlation has even gone a step farther. Not only do we usually take in the episodes of a painting from left to right, but the painter definitely and deliberately intends us so to take them in. For wherever two or three distinct episodes in succession are represented on a single plane in the same picture—as happens often in early art—they are invariably represented in the precise order of the words on a written or printed page, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, and ending at the lower right-hand angle. I first noticed this curious extension of the common principle in the mediæval frescoes of the Campo Santo at Pisa; and I have since verified it by observations on many other pictures elsewhere, both ancient and modern. The Campo Santo, however, forms an exceptionally good museum of such story-telling frescoes by various painters, as almost every picture consists of several successive episodes. The famous Benozzo Gozzoli, for example, of "Noah's Vineyard," represents on a single plane all the stages in that earliest drama of intoxication, from the first act of gathering the



grapes on the top left, to the scandalized lady, the *vergognosa di Pisa*, who covers her face with her hands in shocked horror at the patriarch's disgrace in the lower right-hand corner.

Observe, too, that the very conditions of *technique* demand this order almost as rigorously in painting as in writing. For the painter will naturally so work as not to smudge over what he has already painted; and he will also naturally begin with the earliest episode in the story he unfolds, proceeding to the others in due succession. From which two principles it necessarily results that he will begin at the upper left, and end at the lower right-hand corner.

I have skipped lightly, I admit, over a considerable interval between primitive man and Benozzo Gozzoli. But consider further that during all that time the uses of the right and left hand were becoming by gradual degrees each day still further differentiated and specialized. Innumerable trades, occupations, and habits imply ever-widening differences in the way we use them. It is not the right hand alone that has undergone an education in this respect; the left, too, though subordinate, has still its own special functions to perform. If the savage chips his flints with a blow of the right, he holds the core, or main mass of stone from which he strikes it, firmly with his left. If one hand is specially devoted to the knife, the other grasps the fork to make up for it. In almost every act we do with both hands, each has a separate office to which it is best fitted. Take, for example, so simple a matter as buttoning one's coat, where a curious distinction between the habits of the sexes enables us to test the principle with ease and certainty. Men's clothes are always made with the buttons on the right side and the button-holes on the left.

Women's, on the contrary, are always made with the buttons on the left side, and the button-holes on the right. (The occult reason for this curious distinction, which has long engaged the attention of philosophers, has never yet been discovered, but it is probably to be accounted for by the perversity of women.) Well, if a man tries to put on a woman's waterproof, or a woman to put on a man's ulster, each will find that neither hand is readily able to perform the part of the other. A man, in buttoning, grasps the button in his right hand, pushes it through with his right thumb, holds the button-hole open with his left, and pulls all straight with his right forefinger. Reverse the sides,

and both hands at once seem equally helpless.

It is curious to note how many little peculiarities of dress or manufacture are equally necessitated by this prime distinction of right and left. Here are a very few of them, which the reader can indefinitely increase for himself. (I leave out of consideration obvious cases like boots and gloves; to insult that proverbially intelligent person's intelligence with those were surely unpardonable.) A scarf habitually tied in a sailor's knot acquires one long side, left, and one short one, right, from the way it is manipulated by the right hand; if it were tied by the left, the relations would be reversed. The spiral of corkscrews and of ordinary screws turned by hand goes in accordance with the natural twist of the right hand; try to drive in an imaginary corkscrew with the right hand, the opposite way, and you will see how utterly awkward and clumsy is the motion. The strap of the flap that covers the keyhole in trunks and portmanteaus always has its fixed side over to the right, and its buckle to the left; in this way only can it be conveniently buckled by a right-handed person. The hands of watches and the numbers of dial-faced barometers run from left to right; this is a peculiarity dependent upon the left-to-right system of writing. A servant offers you dishes from the left side; you can't so readily help yourself from the right, unless left-handed. Schopenhauer despaired of the German race, because it could never be taught like the English to keep to the right side of the pavement in walking. A sword is worn at the left hip; a handkerchief is carried in the right pocket, if at the side; in the left, if in the coat-tails; in either case for the right hand to get at it most easily. A watch-pocket is made in the left breast; a pocket for railway tickets halfway down the right side. Try to reverse any one of these simple actions, and you will see at once that they are immediately implied in the very fact of our original right-handedness.

And herein, I think, we find the true answer to Charles Reade's mistaken notion of the advantages of ambidexterity. You couldn't make both hands do everything alike without a considerable loss of time, effort, efficiency, and convenience. Each hand learns to do its own work and to do it well; if you made it do the other hand's into the bargain, it would have a great deal more to learn, and we should find it difficult even then to prevent specialization. We should have to make



things deliberately different for the two hands — to have rights and lefts in everything, as we have them now in boots and gloves — or else one hand must inevitably gain the supremacy. Sword-handles, shears, surgical instruments, and hundreds of other things have to be made right-handed, while palettes and a few like subsidiary objects are adapted to the left; in each case for a perfectly sufficient reason. You can't upset all this without causing confusion. More than that, the division of labor thus brought about is certainly a gain to those who possess it; for if it were not so, the ambidextrous races would have beaten the dextro-sinistrals in the struggle for existence; whereas we know that the exact opposite has been the case. Man's special use of the right hand is one of his points of superiority to the brutes. If ever his right hand should forget its cunning, his supremacy would indeed begin to totter. Depend upon it, nature is wiser than even Charles Reade. What she finds most useful in the long run must certainly have many good points to recommend it.

And this last consideration suggests another aspect of right and left which must not be passed over without one word in this brief survey of the philosophy of the subject. The superiority of the right caused it early to be regarded as the fortunate, lucky, and trusty hand; the inferiority of the left caused it equally to be considered as ill-omened, unlucky, and, in one expressive word, sinister. Hence come innumerable phrases and superstitions. It is the right hand of friendship that we always grasp; it is with our own right hand that we vindicate our honor against sinister suspicions. On the other hand, it is "over the left" that we believe a doubtful or incredible statement; a left-handed compliment or a left-handed marriage carry their own condemnation with them. On the right hand of the host is the seat of honor; it is to the left that the goats of ecclesiastical controversy are invariably relegated. The very notions of the right hand and ethical right have got mixed up inextricably in every language; *droit* and *la droite* display it in French as much as right and the right in English. But to be *gauche* is merely to be awkward and clumsy; while to be right is something far higher and more important.

So unlucky, indeed, does the left hand at last become that merely to mention it is an evil omen; and so the Greeks refused to use the true old Greek word for left at all, and preferred euphemistically to describe it as *euonymous*, the well-named

or happy-omened. Our own *left* seems equally to mean the hand that is left after the right has been mentioned, or, in short, the other one. Many things which are lucky if seen on the right are fateful omens if seen to leftward. On the other hand, if you spill the salt, you propitiate destiny by tossing a pinch of it over the left shoulder. A murderer's left hand is said by good authorities to be an excellent thing to do magic with; but here I cannot speak from personal experience. Nor do I know why the wedding-ring is worn on the left hand; though it is significant, at any rate, that the mark of slavery should be put by the man with his own right upon the inferior member of the weaker vessel. Strong-minded ladies may get up an agitation if they like to alter this gross injustice of the centuries.

One curious minor application of rights and lefts is the rule of the road as it exists in England. How it arose I can't say, any more than I can say why a lady sits her side-saddle to the left. Coachmen, to be sure, are quite unanimous that the leftward route enables them to see how close they are passing to another carriage; but, as all Continental authority is equally convinced the other way, I make no doubt this is a mere illusion of long-continued custom. It is curious, however, that the English usage, having once obtained in these islands, has influenced railways, not only in Britain, but over all Europe. Trains, like carriages, go to the left when they pass; and this habit, quite natural in England, was transplanted by the early engineers to the Continent, where ordinary carriages, of course, go to the right. In America, to be sure, the trains also go right like the carriages; but then, those Americans have such a curiously un-English way of being strictly consistent and logical in their doings. In Britain we should have compromised the matter by going sometimes one way and sometimes the other.

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From The Leisure Hour.

#### A RECOLLECTION OF TWO OLD FRIENDS.

MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

As I sit, on this twenty-third day of March, in my room in a remote city, gazing, through a vista of bare branches, at the wild pathetic sunset skies of the far north, I know that in a little churchyard, among the gentle hills and bowing trees of Surrey, a group of mourners

gather round the grave of one who in his day has filled a large place on the stage of literary and artistic work. The journalist, editor, critic, and philanthropist, Samuel Carter Hall, rests at last beside his gifted and tenderly loved wife, Mrs. S. C. Hall, whose sweet child stories and sprightly Irish sketches gave so much joy and exerted such a genial influence over the earlier days of those who are now grave middle-aged folk, standing in the front ranks of life and meeting the brunt of its battle.

Others must relate the joint labors of this pair, who, but for their friends, William and Mary Howitt, would be almost an unique feature in English literature. Others will know how much Mr S. C. Hall, in his capacity of editor of the *Art Journal*, did to introduce a love of beauty into common life, and can measure where he came short, or failed to keep pace with the progress he had himself started. Indeed, in his "Retrospect of a Long Life," Mr. Hall has himself written so voluminously on all these matters, that he has left little for anybody to add. She who writes this brief sketch desires only to tell what this husband and wife were as friends, how they overflowed with human kindness and beneficence, what a charm Mrs. Hall exerted over all who came under her influence, and what a pleasant impression of dainty, happy household life was received by everybody—and there were many—privileged to enter their home as guest.

Mrs. Hall was born in 1800, at Dublin, of Irish descent, with Huguenot blood in her. She was intensely Protestant, intensely Irish, yet one could often trace the French streak in the playful coquetry of her words and thoughts.

The history of her life was very simple in its outward facts. She was brought up by a widowed mother on the seashore of Wexford, in the house of her mother's stepfather. It was on the beauty of that coast which she best loved to dwell in her Irish writings. She was very happy in her childhood's home, and enjoyed that best culture which enters, like sunshine, at every crevice. She has told me that she first heard Shakespeare's plays when sitting under the table among the dogs, an attentive auditor of whom the reader was quite oblivious! But sometimes the reading was of a severer cast, and she was very glad when the "Book of Martyrs" was exchanged for family "trios" and "catches." In 1815 she and her mother came to London, living modestly at Brompton—

and Brompton and Kensington, with one or two brief and rather unwary sojourns in more remote suburbs, became in the main the scenery of all her after-life.

In 1824 she married Mr. Hall, a youth of her own age, then a reporter and *littérateur*. He has himself told us that the extra outlay occasioned by the marriage was defrayed by £40 which he had received as the price of a compilation he had just sold. The young wife at that time had never written a line, and little dreamed of doing so. But she chanced to narrate to her husband some of the sayings and doings of her old Irish schoolmaster, who "had tried to teach her the multiplication table, an act no mortal man (or woman either) ever could accomplish." Whereupon Mr. Hall said, "I wish you would write that down, just as you tell it." She obeyed him, and he inserted the sketch in a periodical he was then editing. "And from that day dated her career as an author." The little story in question was subsequently promoted to a place among the "Irish Sketches," under the title of "Master Ben." There is no doubt that all the genius, all the "spirit" of her work, was distinctly her own, but there is as little doubt that she owed much to the professional skill and dexterity of her husband's polishing hand. She never troubled herself with anything but the production of her story. He prepared the manuscript for the printer, revised, altered, and erased, without any question on her part, and finally corrected the proofs. I have seen many of her manuscripts before and after they passed through this process, and could recognize exactly what they owed to it. Without it she could have never succeeded as she did, unless by first submitting to a long apprenticeship of discipline and disappointment, which one doubts whether her nature and disposition could have undergone. For she took a sort of playful pride in her total inability to master the dry details of her art. To the end of her life she maintained that the true bent of her genius was towards music. Yet when one reads her charming child stories—her sparkling Irish sketches—one feels that among women writers of her calibre it would be hard to name one in possession of a more genuine and spontaneous literary gift. But what a happy combination of circumstances—first in the way of suggestion, and next of surveillance—was needed to give the public the benefit of this gift!

Mr. Hall declared that she often quite

forgot her own stories, and read them again with great unconscious enjoyment.

Of this marriage between Anna Maria Fielding and Samuel Carter Hall, but one child was born, scarcely to breathe; but Mrs. Hall's house and heart were open to all young people, so that as years passed on she became the "mother," in many senses, of an ever-increasing family, of both sexes, all ages, and every rank—the eldest "children" with grey hair, while the younger were scarcely out of their cradle.

Besides heaps of short tales, assistance to her husband by giving dramatic and poetic tone to the compilations of home travel, etc., which he issued, she wrote several novels, some of which abound with life and movement, and with keen though kindly knowledge of human nature and its weaknesses. They can still be read with interest for their vivid pictures of places, ways of life, and modes of thought that have already vanished. She had always a lively sympathy for governesses, and threw herself heart and hand into the early formation of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution. It was the same with the Brompton Hospital for Consumption. And it was so, pre-eminently, with the Nightingale Fund, originating in a projected testimonial from *women* to one who had shown what the sex could do in the way of alleviating misery. The idea emanated from her, and she promptly wrote stating her views to her large circle of acquaintances, and met with so unexpectedly cordial a response that she felt she needed more skilled counsel, and accordingly appealed to Lady Canning and Lady Herbert, both intimately, and, as it were, officially connected with the work in the Crimea, as to what form such a testimonial should take. They replied that if a sufficient sum could be collected to endow a training-school for nurses, that would be the testimonial most acceptable to Florence Nightingale, for it would fulfil the object of her life. This was ultimately accomplished, resulting in the great nursing-school which has its quarters and its functions in Dean's Yard and St. Thomas's Hospital.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hall, as the editor of many "annuals," and of the *Morning Journal*, the *Literary Observer*, and above all the *New Monthly*, had made acquaintance with many of the literary people of the time, and indeed his "Recollections" include almost every well-known name. But, perhaps, the most important event in the Halls' literary ca-

reer was the establishment of the *Art Journal*. This originated in a suggestion of Charles Landseer, (brother of Sir Edwin), who further proposed Mr. Hall as a fit person to conduct a periodical representing the arts. This was in 1838. At first the publication was issued by Hodgson and Graves, the print-publishers, and was called the *Art Union*. It presently became Mr. Hall's own property, and ultimately passed into the hands of Messrs. Virtue. Mr. Hall remained its editor from 1838 to 1880, being for a great number of those years ably seconded by Mr. James Dafforne, on whose conscientious and unostentatious assistance he could always rely, and whose quiet presence rises up in one's remembrance of many a gathering under the Halls' roof-tree, a living sample of that type of unselfish, simple-minded old bachelor whom we know in Ruskin's memories, or among the creations of Thackeray.

The work which the *Art Journal* proposed to itself was enormous. In Mr. Hall's own words: "It had to create a public for art—to make it the right of all, not the luxury of a few—to turn the wealthy aside from the purchase of spurious 'old masters,' to the encouragement of living artists." Such "old masters" were then exported from the Continent at the rate of upwards of forty-five thousand in the course of five years. At the same time, on the day of private view at the Royal Academy, *very often not a picture was sold throughout the day*, and there was quite an excitement when it was reported that a nobleman had bought a "Turner" for two hundred pounds! It is scarcely needless to remark that a very different state of things prevails nowadays.

But since material prosperity is not always the best of things, it may be well to set forth a more æsthetic function of the *Art Journal's*. By means of its exquisite engravings, it has carried the interests and beauty of artistic masterpieces into remote villages and far-away colonies. Further, it did much to introduce fine art into the industrial arts. In connection with the *Art Journal* I know Mr. Hall was never so pleased and proud as when he could do a good turn to some young or unknown artist. It was to him a joy, on which he loved to dwell, even as he always dwelt on any kindness that had been shown to himself in his younger days.

I first met Mrs. S. C. Hall in 1861. She was then editing the *St. James's Magazine*, and some very crude verse which

was offered for her acceptance led to an invitation to visit her at her then residence in the Boltons, Brompton. She came into the drawing-room, already an elderly lady, of stately, gracious presence, with laughing eyes, humorous mouth, and forehead of great expanse. She was dressed with much care and precision, and never, during a friendship of many years, though I was free to come and go at all hours and under all conditions of health and sickness, did I ever see her otherwise. As she wrote in one of her letters to me, "the graces of life are the sweetness of life, in high or low." She always laid great stress on order — perhaps conscious of the national weakness in the other direction — and on neatness, to rebut the common charge concerning the "slovenliness" of literary women. She used to boast that she could go to any of her drawers or bookshelves in the dark and lay her hand on what she wanted.

Despite all her stateliness and impressiveness of manner, there was something about her that set the trembling young literary aspirant instantly at ease. In the course of that first hour of our intercourse I am sure she knew more of me and my nature, disposition, and aspirations, than did many who had known me for years. I feel certain others will say the same on their part. She put one in possession of oneself by becoming, as it were, herself, possessed by one, and living herself into one as she might into one of the creations of her own imagination. Whoever interested her or touched her heart, seemed to haunt her until she had found some way to secure justice for whatever development they were capable of.

On that occasion I caught only a glimpse of Mr. Hall, already venerable in appearance, with his long white hair, and the picturesque black velvet coat, ruffled shirt, and buckled shoes, which he always wore when at ease at home. But from that time I was a constant guest, generally spending one long day weekly in their house. They found out all sorts of little pretexts for making me believe myself useful and welcome, — I executed little commissions, or arranged manuscripts or photographs, sweet little subterfuges — which were easily seen through by one who had already discovered that a door her own father had always called his tiny girl "to hold open for him," would have stood open quite easily by itself — but which naturally only endeared them to her the more.

As an adviser to aspirants in literature,

Mrs. Hall seems to me to have been singularly wise. She advised me to lay down my pen absolutely for three years. "Read, think, and live," she said, "and have something to write about before you write." Somehow the advice commended itself to me, although I was already making small progresses into print, which promised well as "a thin end of the wedge." But I took her counsel so implicitly that, in one slight exception, which it presently seemed prudent to make, I sought her advice and permission before making it. This proves the sense of confidence and of strong personal interest which she was able to inspire. At the end of this appointed term of probation I felt so much benefit from it that I renewed the period. Long afterwards, Mrs. Hall told me that when she gave me that advice she did not expect me to follow it. I think it was my prompt obedience which clinched her friendship for me.

During those waiting years she gave me a great deal of advice about reading, and I often think that some of her counsels, old-fashioned and desultory as they may seem to many, might well lead to a wider and gentler culture than the study of condensed "primers," and the "courses" and "special subjects" of more modish ways. Among the books she recommended for careful perusal were "The Spectator," "The Rambler," "The Idler," the Waverley novels, Rollin's history, Herodotus, Spenser, Pope, and all those poets whom she described as "granite" poets, *i.e.*, those dealing with the facts of nature and human life, rather than with sentiment or metaphysic.

All along that period the memory of those constant visits strays like a thread of sunbeam. In the Halls' house one met many famous and notable people, who all, while there, seemed to come under its genial influence. Ruskin was at one time a frequent guest, and Mrs. Hall took me with her to lunch with him at his house on Denmark Hill, where his mother still lived, an aged invalid in her chamber, while its hospitalities were brightly dispensed by his cousin Joan (now Mrs. Severn). Jean Ingelow was once the Halls' neighbor opposite. The Howitts came and went during their brief visits to their native country. There, too, I saw Tagliani, in her bright-eyed, active, independent old age, and Helen Faucit, then in the pride of beautiful matronhood. Gustave Doré called when he was in London. Geraldine Jewsbury was an intimate acquaintance; but Mrs. Hall's own attraction had



been towards Geraldine's older sister, of graver type, who had died in India. It is singular that Mrs. Hall regarded Mrs. Carlyle's friend Geraldine as a frivolous woman, superficial, and rather hard-hearted. They had once held entirely opposite views of some young writer, and Mrs. Hall's judgment had been justified by events. But it would serve no purpose to go on with such an enumeration of the guests. Nearly every artist, sculptor, or engraver came there in due turn; but there was never a gathering at that house at which there was not more than one who, utterly unknown then, has since produced good work according to his kind. This was part of the spirit and aim of the beneficent hosts.

But my greatest enjoyment was when I could get Mrs. Hall "all to myself" in her writing-room. It was one peculiarity of the Halls that for many years they had never lived long in one place. From house to house they went, seldom staying in one for more than three years. And yet so thoroughly did they carry their home with them, with all its tone and atmosphere, that I find it hard to locate any remembered scene, and seem always to have seen them in one set of rooms. Mrs. Hall was tenderly loyal to all the ties of the past, and wherever she went, the little faded portraits of dear friends, or the little simple sketches of old scenes, were promptly hung in their accustomed groupings round her bed or her desk. Nothing new, however grand, ever displaced *them*.

Wherever Mrs. Hall went there were sure to be birds and flowers, and a group of little white Maltese dogs was a perennial feature in the establishment. There were one or two toy terriers and a pug, but their reign was not so permanent. And there was a much beloved Persian cat, trained not to molest birds. There had once been a monkey, but he had vanished before my day. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hall had a great love for animals; it began with their own pets, and only ended with every donkey or mongrel cur that trotted to their door or came within their reach.

How glad I should be if I could give a detailed account of only one of the many delightful interviews I have had in those sweet-scented "writing-rooms," always sunny, yet never glaring! What a fund of anecdote, of memories; what snatches of quaint song; what bits of obsolete nursery doggerel were all freely poured forth! The little, soft, aged hands were often busy the while, for it was Mrs. Hall's will and pleas-

ure to make up her own coiffures, and to toy a good deal among her laces. She liked lace, and knew much about it, as her husband did of china. She liked her personal ornaments, too, and had the best reason for doing so, for I don't suppose she had bought any for herself; they were nearly all mementoes of the most treasured affections of her life, and she loved to tell their little histories.

She was full of all sorts of quaint prejudices and peculiarities. To instance one, she did not like the moon, always shut out its light, and declared that she became ill, even to absolute suffering, under its influence. She loved talking about her mother, and quoting her sayings and opinions. She kept up a large circle of kindly acquaintance among homely working women — nurses, dressmakers, sempstresses, and maids, with whom she had come in contact. In relationships of this kind her manner was simply perfect. She did not "condescend," nor "descend," she raised up. I shall never forget the reverent tenderness of her look and manner as one of these left her chamber. "There," she said, "goes one of the best women I know — a saint — a martyr." That poor woman's history was no secret, or even that hint would not have passed Mrs. Hall's lips. Among her intimate circle there were, naturally, a few romances and tragedies, and it was when some of these were accidentally revealed by external causes that Mrs. Hall's remarkable reticence was made manifest. Her friends knew of each other how she loved and honored them, but they were not always — or often — made aware of the basis of her affection and esteem.

She had a power of sharp repartee — sharp, yet so light and glancing that even some who felt its scathing did not resent it, and would tell its story with the laugh against themselves. For example, a young lady, who aspired to be a professional singer, told me she was once engaged in talk with Mrs. Hall, and the conversation turned upon some public character who had dedicated the best of her life and the freshness of her powers to provide for her parents and younger helpless members of her family. I can imagine Mrs. Hall had brought forward this as a suggestive example. But the young aspirant for lyric honors remarked, with utter frankness, that she had no such thoughts in her mind; she was thinking only of providing for herself, "Whereupon," she narrated, "Mrs. Hall looked up at me, and said, —



"Be thankful your ambitions are so humble; for I don't think you have any powers in you to do more!"

For myself, I can only say that when my long waiting was done, and I was fairly launched on a literary life — and the final launching happened to be sudden and decided — her interest and sympathy were powerful and sustaining. I am sure that her delight in the modest success of my first book, "The Occupations of a Retired Life," far exceeded my own. That it should be so was the only reward her patience and goodness could ever find.

Her talk abounded in pretty picturesque sayings which always turned the shady side towards the sunshine. For instance, when one of her old favorites (for each of whom she had her own pet name) came to visit her, after going through a great life-sorrow, "What! grey hairs!" she cried, laying her soft touch on the bowed head; "but never mind the grey hairs, if only the heart keeps green!"

Both Mr. and Mrs. Hall were by politics Tories of the oldest school. Mrs. Hall told me that when in the presence of certain gentlemen who claim to be descended from the exiled house of Stuart, she always remained standing till they invited her to take a chair. Mr. Hall always uncovered when passing any of the royal residences. Yet I never knew anybody with a clearer and more sympathetic recognition of the virtues of lowly folk, and whenever Mrs. Hall spoke of her own work with any pride or satisfaction, it was always in connection with some instance of its acceptableness among such people. The strong vein of romance in her nature made her an enthusiastic admirer of General Garibaldi, yet in the great American war her sympathies were on the side of the South, and a few years later she was very proud of receiving a visit from Governor Eyre.

When they were both quite old people, certain sad events which were brought under their notice caused them to adopt in practice (they had always held temperance in theory) strictly abstinence habits. Henceforth no wine appeared on their dinner-table or on any festive occasion. Alcohol was relegated to mere medicinal functions. It must be remembered that for people of their age, training, and social prejudices, a sudden and complete change of lifelong habits meant a great force of conscientious conviction, and considerable resolution and independence of action.

Having myself left London for the far north, I did not see Mrs. Hall for nearly four years before her death in 1881, and during that period the frequent notes that I received from her were very brief, the handwriting telling of physical decay. In the end of 1880 they were induced, most unaccountably, to take up their abode at East Molesey, an unfortunate removal, as it reversed many of their accustomed habits, and put them beyond the easy and frequent reach of their most devoted friends. But Mrs. Hall thought she enjoyed the change, and perhaps did not experience it long enough to discover its disadvantages. Her last illness was short, her death quiet and easy, her last word a loving epithet for her aged husband.

From that date Mr. Hall sank rapidly into the frailty of old age. His active work in the *Art Journal* was ended; his life companion was gone. Yet, though he had survived his contemporaries, and was a childless man, his was certainly no cheerless passage to the tomb. There was one (whom many will remember as a constant presence at the old "Thursday at Homes") who rendered him a cheery devotion, and a spontaneous tenderness which no filial affection could have surpassed. She must not be named here, for she is one of that great army of honorable women whose names the world has no right to hear. But when the newspapers spoke of Mr. Hall having "left no relatives," one could not help resenting, for her sake, the frequent inference that he "must have been very solitary at the last." Solitary! I saw him every time that I have visited London, and I found him the brightest of old gentlemen, his long snowy hair flowing over his scarlet dressing-gown, the last of the little white dogs seated at his side, his favorite books and his little paraphernalia on a shelf within reach of his couch, his faithful attendant, ever within call, ministrant to every want, and his daughterly friend, she who, next to himself, had loved and been loved by her who was gone, coming in towards evening with her bonnie, kind face to cheer his tea-table, play a little game with him, crack a few old jokes of excellent wear, and tell him the great news of the big world or the little chat of the near neighborhood. As he said to me, he should be "very glad to go where his darling was, but he was content to await God's will, and had everything to be thankful for."

Other old friends were often at hand to offer him as much social variety as he could bear. And he retained the power of making new friends, one such doing his utmost to save the kindly veteran from all the troubles and perplexities arising from his own not too discreet complications of business and investment. Only last summer, too, he was able to make quite a pleasant tour in his favorite district in the west of England. He wiled his leisure by writing pleasant little verses on all sorts of subjects. A very pretty set, addressed to a baby girl, whom he had never seen, the child of comparative strangers, but whose parents he knew to be dear to one of his oldest friends, he wrote at New Year, saying they would be his last—as I believe they were. He delighted to gather all sorts of gifts for Irish orphan children living in the district of his wife's childhood, and was particularly proud of any he could get from Scottish friends, because he considered such a proof of good feeling would soothe and soften the Irish Romanists.

And now the last of the two lives is ended, and the public prints have each had their award of praise or criticism to render. She who lays this little leaf among the garlands knows well that her dear friends were human—very human! Sometimes they praised when they should not, and in some zealous partisanship they may have forgotten to be quite fair. Often they trusted where they should have mistrusted, and they may have even sometimes misled others, being themselves misled. There were some virtues they could scarcely appreciate—there were some frailties they found it easy to condone. Perhaps they sometimes failed to see what they did not want to see. In some ways their standards were of a different time and tone from ours. But I think they never caused a tear to fall; I think they never saw a tear that they did not long to wipe away. I think that whatever they once saw to be right, that they strove to do. I know that all the long course of their lives is marked by other lives "lifted up." It may be fanciful, but it seems to me significant beyond chance that the flowers shut within the old editor's coffin were those sent by a widow, by orphans, and by a stranger. And I feel that this world is a colder and a drearier place, because all that now remains here of that bright welcoming home is the tombstone in Addlestone churchyard.

ISABELLA FVIE MAYO.

From The Spectator.

#### BY THE MULE-PATH.

ON the right, a cream-colored wall, rather crumbling, and shaken by the earthquake; behind it, eucalyptus trees, with their brown and grey peeled stems, and drooping, tired leaves, and small white blossom-tufts, filling the air with an aromatic scent. These tower above the green and golden mass of orange and lemon trees, with here and there the long feathers of a palm, or the tall brown spike of an aloe. Behind it all, mountains and blue sky. On the left, a white, dusty road, a flat grassy space covered with a tangled shade of olives; beyond them again, walled groves of oranges, the railway, flat ground with low bushes, a few low buildings, the blue shining sea.

It was too hot, that day in early March, to walk far along the road, which would have brought me gradually up, by beautiful turns, with magnificent views, to the village I wished to visit. The mule-path along the mountain-side, through the olives, seemed to promise more freshness and shade; therefore, on coming to the end of that cream-colored wall, I turned off to the right, followed a rough road a little way, struck into one of the narrow footpaths which cross here and there under the olive-shade, and soon found myself on the mule-path, to begin my stony, winding way.

I have sometimes wondered whether many people feel the enchantment of a mule-path. To me, these little mountain roads, as they are found on the Riviera, are the most interesting, the most unique, the most picturesque of "ways;" and among them all, perhaps, this road up to Roquebrune, as they call it nowadays, has the largest share of their peculiar beauty. The road itself to me is beautiful. I like its uneven pavement of stones, with a low step every two or three yards; its gradual slope, which is not tiring; its sudden twists and turns, so cleverly made; its rocky banks, with ferns and bushes. After going steadily up some little way, through varied sunshine and shadow, one stops and turns; and at that moment the discovery is made that one did not half know the beauty of Mentone. It lies now at one's feet, shining red and white and many-colored among its groves of gold and silvery green. Beyond is the sea, deep bright blue, and the purple coastline stretches away in sunshine, first to Ventimiglia, then to Bordighera, glittering white on its distant point. The opposite

mountain-side lies in full sunlight, dotted over with olives, and with the strange effect of their shadows, which lie like black stains on the ground. As I climb higher up my mule-path, this view is always behind me, with some slight variety in its loveliness. But with the forest of olives on their low stone terraces all round, above and below the path, it is almost difficult to find eyes for anything else. They are so beautiful, with their solemn shade, with gleams of sunlight making way through the maze of small, shining, grey-green leaves; with their dark, rugged stems, often very old and large. As far as the eye can reach, this wood extends; there must be thousands of trees on this mountain-side alone.

But it is not only still life on my mule-path. Suddenly, perhaps, round a turn in the road, a little flock of sheep comes hurrying suddenly down. They are very small, gentle creatures, with long, soft hair — it can hardly be called wool — dark brown or cream-white. Their wild-looking shepherd, with his dark Italian face, has a polite word of greeting for the stranger as he passes by. One day, one of these flocks was led by a tiny child, with a cropped head, a frock down to his heels, and a branch of mimosa in his hand. He walked first among the sheep, their little white faces crowding and pushing softly round him. He might have been David, leading his father's sheep for the first time out of Bethlehem. Then there are women, in bright handkerchiefs, picking up olives under the trees; and one often meets a mule or large ass, the rightful owner of the path, stepping down with a gingerly grace over the stones. He bears on his back an immense load of sticks or grass, or a little barrel of wine slung on each side; he probably has one ear set forward, the other back, to show that no advantage must be taken of his good-nature; and he looks at the stranger with a doubtful, intelligent eye, while his master or mistress gives a friendly nod and *bon jour*.

The most picturesque part of the mule-path itself ends at a little platform with a tall iron cross, and a chapel of the Madonna with a grated door. Here one can sit down on the low wall, and look back from the beautiful road, over the soft, restful coloring of that ocean of olives. The sun shines warmly, but a wind with a touch of ice in it, Riviera-fashion, comes stealing round the corner. Then the road goes climbing for a little way between orchard walls, and soon passes under an

old white archway and out upon the terrace, rocky wall above, hanging gardens of lemons below, which leads straight into the village of Roquebrune. One has now turned one's back on the Mentone side, and it is hard to say which view is the most beautiful. Nothing, perhaps, can surpass the wonderful natural beauty, in form and color, of Monte Carlo and Monaco, lying like exquisite cameos on a setting of blue sea, the rich mountain-sides rising into rugged crags behind them. The Tête du Chien shines softly out beyond; and one knows that hidden by the nearer mountain is Turbia, the Roman tower, itself like a great rock, that commands the whole coast. It may perhaps be said here that the loveliest view we had at all of Monte Carlo was from Turbia. We had gone up into clouds, and when we reached Turbia, even the tower itself was invisible in sweeping mists. But as we stood in a thick mantle of cloud, looking down towards the sea, suddenly under a low round arch of cloud we saw a vision of rocks, trees, shining buildings, boats with white sails — a summer scene, in bright sunshine, stretching out into a sea as blue as heaven. We had not gone up into the clouds for nothing. That day, from the terrace at Roquebrune, Monaco and Monte Carlo lay in a soft blue haze, which added magic to their beauty. Nature certainly, in a rather unprincipled way, seems to do her best to deepen the attraction of that beautiful circle of the Inferno.

Roquebrune itself has the same curious, narrow, climbing streets as the other little towns on the Riviera. It is much larger, cleaner, and more civilized than Castellor Gorbio; it is also much more cheerful and in the world. There is a good road up to it from the other side, from which the village lies smiling above its terraces of vines and lemons. I have seen the church, which is really handsome, described as *assez coquette*. Plenty of dirt and ruins, however, are to be met with on the steep and arched way up to the old castle, another stronghold of the Lascaris. The children who went with me were obliged to give me up at the locked door of the castle, but kindly called "Madelon," who came with her key, and tramped, in a resigned, contemptuous sort of way, up steps and along ramparts. She had a conscience, however, and led her tourist into every curious corner. She was herself something of a character; she was dirty, weatherworn, and slipshod; she knitted as she walked, and her words were

few. "Jolie vue" was her highest term of admiration for the brilliant panorama of sea, mountains, and Monte Carlo at her feet. She confessed that the church was *assez bien pour le pays*.

In old feudal times, in wild days of Lascaris, Grimaldi, and invading Saracens, "Roccabruna" must have been a very important fortress, small but strong. Now its roofless walls tower, rather sad and neglected, over the village that crowds up close about it, and it is of no use or comfort or glory to any one but Madelon and her tribe of assistant guides. The distant view is hardly more beautiful than that from the terrace below. It seemed to me that the castle had only one privilege of its own, and many people would not think it worth the climb, — that is, looking down upon the roofs of the village

at its feet. It was the most curious view of roofs I had ever seen, — old, ruinous, scattered with quaint chimneys, every different color and state of red fluted tiles, stained with mosses and weather, from grey and orange to scarlet and crimson. It was a very singular foreground to Madelon's *jolie vue*; but for it, one need hardly say, she had no eyes at all.

Old women and children seemed to be the chief inhabitants of Roquebrune; most of the people, no doubt, were out working on their terraces, among the precious olive and lemon crops. The narrow streets were hot and still. An hour of Roquebrune was enough; and I presently found myself among the olives again, going lingeringly back to Mentone as I had come up from it, — by the mule-path.

CHINESE MARRIAGE CUSTOMS. — Sexual selection, which has doubtless greatly influenced the development and advancement of certain races, has been inoperative in China during many centuries, because, under the prevailing usages, the contracting parties have, before espousal, no opportunity to judge of the strength, beauty, or intelligence of their consorts. Romantic love has no part in marriage or its issue. This may be one of the causes of China's arrested civilization, and of the astonishing fact that her astute people have invented nothing and discovered nothing during hundreds of years. Although polygamy is legal, it is practically so expensive and inconvenient as to be uncommon among the masses. Under the law no man may have more than one wife, though he may add to his household any number of helpmeets. The wife, brought home with unique ceremony, may under no circumstances be superseded in her well-defined sphere, the penalty of an attempt to put an inferior in her place being a hundred blows. In all cases the marriage engagement is made by the senior members of the families concerned, and is usually made without the knowledge of the future husband or wife. Marriage being essential to the continuance of the line of worshippers before the lares and penates, a man who will not marry is reckoned guilty of filial impiety. Spinsters are unknown and bachelors are few. The universal and intense desire for posterity in the male line of descent leads to much self-sacrifice on the part of parents, in order to secure wives for sons, and causes them to make provident arrangements for their marriage at an early age. Betrothals of expected infants, conditional upon their being of different sexes,

are not rare. Among the poor it is not uncommon for a newly born daughter to be given away, that a girl of another clan may be taken by the mother, reared at her breast, and bestowed upon her son in after years. In many families there is at least one little daughter-in-law that is being brought up in the house of her future husband. Parents of moderate means endeavor to provide wives for their sons by the time they are twenty years old, while but few keep a daughter after she is sixteen. Those who have a marriageable son, and the means of meeting the expense of taking a daughter-in-law, place their case in the hands of an old female friend or of a matrimonial agent, called a go-between, who finds among her acquaintances that which is required by her client. The parents of the two young people do not meet for conference, and are not usually known to each other even by name. The negotiation is conducted by the go-between, who is the sole medium of communication between the two families. When all details have been settled, a sum of money is carried from the parents of the groom to those of the bride, and the betrothal is completed. This pact can under no circumstances be legally broken by either party. Even the discovery of fraud on the part of the agent does not vitiate the contract. When the bride knows that she is to be married, she must evince by word and manner the deepest melancholy, and she gains commendation and repute if her lamentations are poetical. How much of a girl's distress is real and how much of it is piously feigned can be guessed only by those who understand how deeply Chinese character is affected by Chinese customs.

Popular Science Monthly.

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